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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AN ENGLISH LIBERAL ON AMERICA

S. K. RATCLIFFE writes in the *Contemporary Review* upon present intellectual discontent and reaction in the United States. He does not agree with the pessimistic impressions of another observer of our country, that 'the conditions essential to the full life of the intellect and imagination have never at any time existed on the American Continent.' The Americans, in his opinion, while 'tenaciously conservative in their mental processes,' are nevertheless 'fearless and incorrigible adventurers.' Our political conservatism, however, borders upon religious bigotry.

The American people live under a form of government which is, with the possible exception of France, the most rigid now existing in the Western world. It is also actually the oldest. During the past century every country in the two continents, save one, has transformed its government. The United States is unique in having retained unaltered a scheme of government thought out and established before the French Revolution. It is enshrined in a written constitution which is a document without a peer. It is associated with a doctrine of verbal inspiration, a worship of the word, such as does not exist anywhere else in the sphere of politics.

President Harding, in his inaugural address, referred to the fathers of the republic as divinely inspired. Nor did the age of inspiration end in 1789. The Monroe Doctrine is not an international agreement. It is a dogma — some would say a fetish. The Wilson international policy was destroyed in 1919 largely because, in 1797, George Washington wrote a paragraph stating the then relations of the United States to the Powers of Europe. The sayings of the leaders of the past are quoted by Americans, not by way of illustration, as commonly with us, but as texts of holy writ. It would not be easy to overstate the effect of such a bent of mind and such a habit upon a whole nation. It must be taken into account when we seek for the causes which make the American people the strongest conservative force at present operative in the world of States.

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CAILLAUX REDIVIVUS

JOSEPH CAILLAUX, the former Premier of France, cursed as an archtraitor to his country during the war because of his alleged pro-German sympathies, seems gradually to be recovering his former following. His last book, *Où va la France, où va l'Europe*, holds the attention of the public and is serving as a rather effective campaign-document for its author. Should the Poincaré policy fail so sensationally as to be discredited, France might swing over to the other extreme, and seek her

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salvation under the leadership of a man whom she so vigorously repudiated a few years ago.

In any case, Caillaux's economic theories are certain to exercise some influence. He argues that it is not capitalism but industrialism that is the distinctive mark of our era: —

Industrialism is the stage that in our era the eternal principle of coördination has attained. The movement of our civilization is toward ever-closer interdependence of individuals, communities, and nations. Not international finance, but national industry, is the phenomenon that threatens to bring our society to collapse and dissolution. Dangerous as might be a control exercised by a group of cosmopolitan financiers over the whole globe, this would stand in the road of normal progress less than the blind rivalry of nationalist captains of industry sitting firmly entrenched behind their customs lines, avid of the petty gains of to-day and to-morrow, deaf to the menace of catastrophe the day after. After all, let us have large views of a crisis which endangers our very existence as a civilization, large remedies for desperate maladies; for the world is grown gray with the breath of shortsighted egoisms masquerading as patriotism, enterprise, or religion, according as they are voiced by politicians, captains of industry, or ecclesiastics.

The *Outlook*, commenting upon the political prospects of the ex-Premier, says: —

There are many keen judges of French politics who anticipate the return to power, at no distant date, of Caillaux. His sins of the war may be forgotten, and his pre-war financial genius alone remembered. I hear him spoken of constantly, in quarters formerly hostile, as the one man who can drag France out of her present financial morass. M. Caillaux's views on French finance are therefore of interest. The French ordinary Budget for this year will show a deficit of three to five billion francs; that for next year still more, says M. Caillaux. He claims that by collecting taxes and making certain reforms the ordinary Budget would balance.

But when the franc begins to recover, M. Caillaux says, France must 'marry deflation to debt reduction, so as to arrange that at every substantial upward movement of the franc a reduction shall be effected in the interest on the State debt or a retrenchment on its capital amount.' M. Caillaux wants the inter-Allied debts cancelled, but is firm that Germany must pay France 120 billion francs for reconstruction. This, he thinks, Germany can do if the other Allies renounce their claims on the late enemy.

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AUSTRIA'S RECONSTRUCTION

Narodny Listy, the leading newspaper of Prague, recently contained an article by Dr. A. R. Rasin, Minister of Finance, severely criticizing Austrian public policies. Prefacing his argument with the statement, 'Either Austria is incapable of economic existence, or she has incompetent men in charge of her policy and finance,' he proceeds to point out that Austria has 50 per cent more cultivated soil than Switzerland, more forest wealth than Bohemia, and a manufacturing industry equal to that of any of the succession states. Her exports of timber and minerals, and her profits as an established banking and commercial centre, should enable her to pay for the imports she requires. By developing her water power she could substantially lessen her foreign purchases of coal. By improving her methods of agriculture and extending her crop area she could become nearly self-supporting in respect to food.

The depreciation of her currency is due primarily to the Government's policy of buying grain abroad at high prices and selling it at home for low prices. Her present problem is as much psychological as economic. Austria cannot be saved by charity. People lack confidence in their Government, and have reached a state of mind where an international receivership seems to be the only thing that can save them.

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The article concludes with a plea against the incorporation of Austria with Germany.

About the time this article was printed, the Austrian Government concluded an agreement with the Paris Rothschilds and the leading Austrian banks for the establishment of a new bank of issue. This institution, which is projected to carry out the Vanderlip plan, in a limited way, for the single country of Austria, is to have the exclusive privilege of issuing bank notes for twenty-five years. The notes are to be legal tender, to represent gold values, and to be redeemable only in gold or in equivalent currency. The Austrian State is not to have dealings, either directly or indirectly, with the bank except on a basis of gold transactions. Controversies between the bank and the Government are to be decided by the 'High Constitutional Court.' The new bank will take over the entire circulation and deposit liabilities of the Austrian section of the old Austro-Hungarian Bank, together with its most important assets.

The Austrian Government is to contribute to the institution the fifty-five million francs provisionally credited to her by France. The share capital of the new bank is fixed at one hundred million Swiss francs, and the total gold resources of the new institution are reported to be considerably more than sufficient to cover all the kronen notes now in circulation, at their present depreciated value.

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RUSSIA'S COMING HARVEST

A Moscow correspondent of the *London Observer*, after allowing for the fact that all estimates of the coming crops in Russia are more or less guesswork, because the peasants are reporting the lowest possible figures in order to dodge taxation, concludes from the reports of travelers that unprecedented yields are in prospect. In Saratov Province, for instance, rye returns 190 poods per dessiatine, while the normal crop is about 90 poods; last year it fell to an average of six or eight poods. Fodder is equally abundant. Sufficient is already in sight to feed the remaining live stock for three years to come.

However, allowance must be made for a large decrease in the area cultivated and the probable inability of the peasants to harvest all of the present crop, on account of physical weakness and lack of implements. In Samara Province, which has 25 million acres of arable land, only two million acres are under crop the present season, and official observers report that there is not enough labor to reap even this limited area.

According to the Soviet official economic daily, *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhisn*, the season's crops in Turkestan are above the average. In the Tula Government some 275,000 acres have been ploughed and more than half of this area has been fertilized. Heavy rains have damaged the grain in places; and in Turkestan, locusts are causing heavy losses to the cotton-planters.

Although starvation is reported in Odessa, Kief, and Kharkof, partly because so many refugees have flocked into these cities from the famine regions, the price of flour in Moscow, which has risen steadily since the Revolution, for the first time showed a decline of 15 per cent in the month of May. One source of the more abundant supply of grain is Siberia. Imports from America have also helped to relieve the strain upon the provision market.

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GERMANY'S INTERNAL DEFENSE LAW

DURING the agitation that followed the Rathenau murder in Germany, the

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workingmen of Berlin printed a public appeal, demanding a law for the protection of the Republic. A statute omitting many of these provisions has since been enacted. This appeal calls for the following: —

Immediate prohibition under heavy penalties of all Monarchist or anti-Republican agitation by word, picture, or writing. The punishment of those who encourage, reward, or favor those who agitate against or assail the Republic and its press. The prohibition and immediate dissolution of all Monarchist and anti-Republican societies. The prohibition of Monarchist flags and colors. Immediate removal of all Monarchist emblems in public buildings and institutions. The punishment of every attack, by deed, word, or writing, upon the Republican colors and flag. Strict measures to cleanse the civil service, including the courts and the national defense forces, of Monarchist or anti-Republican elements, and the prompt removal of any person opposing these measures. Prohibition of carrying arms, except in the service of the State. The wearing of uniforms by former army officers to be prohibited. No additional reserve officers to be appointed. Institution of extraordinary courts in Berlin, to be presided over by a judge and six laymen appointed by the President. Transfer of public prosecutions to a specially appointed Republican National Commissioner. Organization of a special National Secret Service. Provisions to facilitate the arrest and detention of any person violating laws for the protection of the Republic. Provision for the seizure and confiscation of the property of persons violating laws for the defense of the nation, and for cancelling their pensions and salaries.

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THE BANQUE INDUSTRIELLE DE CHINE SCANDAL

PERNOTTE, formerly the Chief Director of the Banque Industrielle de Chine, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs, and ordered to return to the liquidator of the Bank 800,000 francs. This judgment follows on the disgrace and dismissal of Philippe Berthelot, a veteran official of the French Foreign Office, until recently reputed to be all-powerful in its councils.

Thus ends the brilliant career of the man who made the Bank, and closes a chapter in the history of European and American finance in China. That country had already pledged one of its principal sources of revenue to a Consortium, in which American investors were interested, in return for a loan of 20 million pounds sterling. While the negotiations for this were still in progress, Pernotte received the promise of a colossal concession from the Chinese Government in return for two great loans, aggregating three quarters of a billion francs, to be employed mainly in the construction of railways bordering the French possessions of Tonkin, and to be secured by the tobacco tax. On the strength of this concession, the Industrial Bank of China was chartered the year before the war.

Things went slowly during the conflict. China's internal troubles made the exploitation of the concessions difficult. But during the post-war trade-boom, the new Bank plunged into the frenzied finance of the period. It did not hesitate to pay its depositors 6 and 7 per cent, and by the spring of 1920 held on deposit approximately one billion francs. The new institution enjoyed the favor of the Chinese Government, because it stood outside the Consortium and was not a party to the strict control of China's finance that the latter sought to exercise.

However, a great slump in business throughout the Orient followed closely on the heels of the post-war trade-boom. The young Bank had over-expanded and was the first to feel the effects of the reaction. The two Berthelots were the Paris figureheads

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of the institution. In order to save it, the impression was conveyed to the French Ambassador at Peking that the French Government would support the Bank.

Meanwhile the old Banque d'Indo-Chine, which was a member of the Consortium, as well as the veteran representative of French finance in the Far East, saw no occasion to favor its young rival. Political and financial intrigue at Paris, Royalist enemies of Berthelot and his fellow Republicans, and hasty handwashing by men who feared lest they be contaminated by a public scandal, speeded the climax. Philippe Berthelot was dismissed by Poincaré after a dramatic scene in the Foreign Office, and now Pernotte has come to an even more disastrous end.

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GERMANY'S ADMISSION TO THE LEAGUE

GERMAN opinion in regard to joining the League of Nations is by no means unanimous. An infantry general sums up opposition sentiment, in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, as follows: —

> Why should we join the League? It is nothing more than a syndicate of winners to enforce an arbitrary peace and oppress Germany. Let us have nothing to do with it. They do not want us in the League, anyway. If we were to join, what benefit would it be?

To this the general replies that membership would give Germany another channel through which to make known her views and her opinions. 'Who knows whether the Upper Silesia decision might not have been different if Germany had been a member of the League and right on hand to assert her rights?' As a League member, Germany would have some say in the administration of the Saar District and Danzig; she could urge general disarmament; she could justify her claim to the return of some of her colonies whose raw materials and markets are needed for her reconstruction.

But the main thing is this: By entering the League we could show that the distrust many foreigners have of our pacific designs and our honest desire to coöperate with the rest of Europe is unjustified. By joining we may allay distrust; by refusing to join we shall increase it. What we need most of all to-day is the confidence of the rest of the world.

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POLITICAL DISTRUST IN JAPAN

ACCORDING to the *Herald of Asia*, few public men illustrate as conspicuously as Admiral Kato, the present Premier, the proverb that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country. He enjoys, to a greater degree than any contemporary Japanese statesman, the outspoken confidence of other nations, although he is virtually a new man in public life. He seems to have changed completely the attitude of Japan's neighbors toward her. But while he has the full confidence of foreign Powers, he apparently has failed to gain that of Japan. It seems grotesquely incongruous that suspicion and calumny should find a voice at home, where the Premier's critics insist upon questioning his sincerity in regard to naval limitation.

The editor-in-chief of *Nihon Oyobi Nihonjin* insists that the present Cabinet is 'retrogressive,' and that Japan is politically 'not much in advance of China, India, and other Asiatic countries.' This criticism is explained by the fact that the new Ministry does not depend on the support of a parliamentary majority so much as upon the support of the bureaucracy and influential industrialists.

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DUAL CONTROL

A READER sends to the Tory *Morning Post* the following self-explanatory

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verses, apropos of a statement regarding her husband recently made to an interviewer by Mrs. Lloyd George: 'My husband does not worry; he does his best, and leaves the rest to Providence.'

The secret 's out! 'Mid all the din,
The bustle and the hurry,
There 's one remains quite calm within —
L. G. declines to worry!

He simply does his level best,
And with a faith intense,
He confidently 'leaves the rest'
To gracious Providence!

As an excuse we must confess
This sounds extremely lame,
For things are in an awful mess,
And *someone* is to blame.

Yes, Mrs. G., we 'd like to know,
Pray gratify our whim;
To Providence what do we owe
And what is due to *him*?

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MINOR NOTES

Doctor Baltasar Brum, the President of the Uruguay Republic, publicly advocates the abolition of his office and the adoption of a commission form of national government. He believes that most of the political troubles of Latin-American countries are due to the schemes of ambitious men to secure power. No such charge could be urged against the present incumbent, who has proved himself an able and conscientious executive. However, the finances of the country are in an unsatisfactory condition. During the past six years the nation's foreign debt has risen from 32 million dollars to 74 million dollars, while foreign trade has received a severe setback.

An Englishman who has recently been among the Riffian Moors, who are now fighting the Spaniards, on business that detained him in their country for a considerable period, describes his experiences in the *Daily Herald*. He talked privately with Spanish prisoners and met the principal Moorish leaders. He witnessed aerial bombardments by the Spaniards, which he describes as doing little damage. He was treated everywhere with courtesy, and evidently returns from the country with a strong pro-Moor bias. The President of the 'Riff Republic' is willing to exchange his prisoners through the Indian or British Red Cross, and is eager to stop the present fighting if his people can be assured independence. He denied tales of atrocities circulated by the Spaniards, and asserted that Spanish photographs issued in alleged proof of these atrocities were 'faked.'

Few people realize the extent to which Africa is being opened up by railways. Last month the Trans-Zambesi Railway was thrown open for general traffic. This line runs from Beira through Portugese Territory to the Zambesi, then proceeds northward through what is known as the Nyasa, and is to be extended to Lake Nyasa. It taps a large and fertile territory that hitherto has had no outlet to the sea excepting the Zambesi River. Present prospects indicate that within a few years the all-rail route from the Cape to Cairo will be completed. A transcontinental line from Beira to Benguela will be running even sooner.

The British Labor Party recently gained two victories at by-elections in South Wales. One of the seats had been previously held by a Labor Member, and the Party expected to retain it; but the second seat, which was won from a candidate but lately appointed to the Cabinet, by a majority of 4000 votes, represents a shifting of 7000 ballots in favor of labor since the previous election.

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DID I WISH WAR?

BY RAYMOND POINCARÉ

[We print below the narrative portions of the speech delivered by Premier Poincaré in the Chamber of Deputies, on July 5, defending himself from the charge that he not only prepared for, but intentionally encouraged, a war with Germany when he was Premier in 1912.]

From *Le Temps, July* 8
(SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

It is inevitable that I should have the honor of being the target of this campaign. I was Prime Minister during the Balkan Wars, and President of the Republic during the war from 1914 to 1918. I accept the challenge. I accept full responsibility for the policy of France in 1912, though I wish to add immediately that all of my associates were at one with me in that policy. Had I desired to follow a personal programme, I should not have been able to do so. I consulted with my colleagues daily, and I acted with their advice. . . .

The year 1912! It followed a year that had been most agitated and disquieting for France. The Agadir incident had stirred our people deeply, and sent through the nation a veritable thrill of agony. Every Frenchman asked himself: What of to-morrow? There had been long and painful negotiations. The Treaty of November 4, 1911, that resulted, had proved a bitter disappointment to the country. We had ceded part of the French Congo, and it seemed as though we had lost part of our national domain.

In the midst of these incidents a political crisis occurred, caused by the disagreement of M. Caillaux and M. de Selves. Thereupon I was again invited by M. Fallières to become Prime Minister. At his persuasion, and that of M. Léon Bourgeois, I consented; but distrusting my own strength and capacity, I immediately surrounded myself with men of the highest standing: M. Léon Bourgeois, M. Briand, M. Millerand, M. Steeg, M. Delcassé, M. Klotz.

Our first act was a conciliatory overture toward Germany. In spite of the opposition of certain members of Parliament, notably M. Clemenceau and M. Pichon, we secured the ratification of the Treaty. We were illy repaid by Germany for this exhibition of goodwill, and often asked ourselves later if our opponents had not been right. In truth, we almost immediately found ourselves involved in a new controversy with that disturbing neighbor, over an incident in Morocco. We received several petitions from a German, supported by his Embassy, who claimed that he had been deprived of his property there. Later, after the war broke out, we discovered that this German was a spy. We searched his residence and discovered evidence that Germany had been laying plans for a campaign in Morocco for several years. The situation was so acute that something would have happened in Morocco if war had not started in the Balkan Peninsula.

The Communists have made vague, though violent, charges regarding our entente with Russia. . . . French policy ever since 1912 has favored closer

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relations among the European Powers. From the first moment of the Balkan crisis, we concentrated our efforts upon maintaining a perfect understanding, not only with Russia and Great Britain, but with all the European Governments. That was natural, because a conflict loomed in the Near East between Russia and Austria, and we wished to prevent it. I telegraphed to the French Ambassador in Russia, instructing him to make a public declaration to the effect that the coöperation of all the Powers seemed to him necessary if the Balkan problem were to be solved.

On November 18, 1912, M. Kiderlen-Waechter specified five points of general interest that should be studied carefully by all the Powers in order to ensure peace in Eastern Europe. The French Government immediately announced that it was ready to confer with these Governments upon all of the points mentioned.

Furthermore, on December 20, 1912, only a few days before I was elected President of the Republic, M. Jaurès approved before this body the policy I had followed. Let me quote here his formal judgment, as solemnly and publicly given in this Assembly: —

> It is enough for us that M. Poincaré has sincerely sought peace, and that he has convinced Europe of that fact. I recall, not without gratitude, that M. Poincaré has taken the initiative in these general conferences among all nations that have settled certain controversies and have led to the conference of ambassadors at London.

Now they accuse us of having been led by the nose by Russia and Isvolskii! I do not wish to speak except with respect of the representative of an Allied Power whose son was wounded in France. But all my colleagues of 1912 will recall that we were far from having perfect confidence in M. Isvolskii. It was precisely this lack of confidence that caused my colleagues to urge me to visit Russia and was the determining cause of my trip in 1912.

So far as the Russian Alliance was concerned, we desired to maintain it as an important guaranty of European equilibrium. It was also in the interest of peace that we sought to maintain the Anglo-French Entente of 1904, which has been so misrepresented before this House. This policy was the policy of every French Cabinet, during the years in question, without a single exception.

But we are told that there was a war party in France. . . . To say that there was a war party in France in 1914 is seeking to justify the charge of German propagandists. It is an assertion contrary to the truth. If there were misguided men who wanted war, give their names. You will not find among them a single man prominent in public life. It is not right to call isolated individuals, whose sentiments are not in accord with those of the general public, a political party. France was pacifist to the core. Of course, she had not forgotten the provinces that had been wrested from her. She had the right to cherish their memory in her heart. But no responsible statesman, no member of this Chamber, meditated a war of vengeance.

That justified my saying in 1912: 'If from so many efforts sincerely dedicated to the cause of peace a war shall come, — the most fearful war that our imagination can conceive, — it will be in defiance of human reason.'

I am charged with being a native of Lorraine. The people of Lorraine are more attached to peace, if possible, than any other branch of our nation. They know better what war means; they recall more vividly the invasions from which they have so often suffered. The Department that I have the honor to represent was occupied by the enemy for three long years. We know that a

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war exposes a country to experiences, the horror and misery of which are graven on our hearts; that it destroys our ancestral firesides. I would not have assumed responsibility for a war, even if I had been sure of victory.

But if I was determined to avoid war at all cost, I was equally determined that if war came, in spite of my efforts to prevent it, it should end with victory and the liberation of our lost provinces. That thought lay behind my entire policy. But why speak of myself? It lay behind the policy of all France. I may merit criticism, but there are certain charges that cannot be made against me. I have never changed my opinions. I have always been a Republican and a patriot, but I have never pursued a policy of bravado. I have never been a chauvinist. I challenge anyone to quote from my speeches in 1912 a single provocative sentence.

In 1912, France, still alert and anxious over Agadir, labored energetically to preserve the Triple Entente, as our guaranty of peace. We never thought for a moment of giving this entente an aggressive character. Consult the famous Black Book itself. A letter of Isvolskii, dated February 8, 1912, relative to Lord Haldane's negotiations with Germany in behalf of England, expressly states that the French Government was gratified at the establishment of normal relations between England and Germany.

In 1911, after Agadir, France asked Austria to ratify the Treaty of November 4. That country demanded, as the price of its acceptance, that Austro-Hungarian loans should be listed on the Paris Stock Exchange. This House knows of the intrigues to which that demand gave rise. . . . The proposal involved a serious danger, for precisely at that time Austria was increasing her armaments, strengthening her fleet, and building that heavy artillery which we later learned to know so well on our battle front. But it was my predecessor and not myself who declined Austria's proposal, and he did it in the interest of European peace.

Let me add that, in spite of the reserve that we were obliged to maintain toward Austria, because of her position in the Triple Alliance, her difficulties with Italy, and her tireless military preparations, we always sought to remain on the most amicable footing with her. My relations with Count Szeczen, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, a man who was personally a sincere friend of peace, were quite as cordial as those with the ambassadors of the allied countries.

But it was always with the interests of France first in mind, I need hardly say, that I conferred with these diplomatic gentlemen. We hear much of Isvolskii. Isvolskii never exercised the slightest influence on French policy. How many times we have objected to certain of his proposals and his attitudes! None the less, he represented an allied country, and we had to bear in mind that fact. In 1912, the Franco-Russian Alliance had been in existence about twenty years. It contained a military clause, the significant and vital sentence of which I hold in my memory: 'If France is attacked by Germany, or by Italy with the support of Germany, Russia will employ all the forces at her disposition against Germany; if Russia is attacked by Germany, or by Austria supported by Germany, France will employ all the forces at her disposal against Germany.'

From the beginning of the Balkan troubles the constant preoccupation of every French Cabinet had been to prevent this clause from drawing us into war; but we could not go back on our engagement and repudiate this clause without exposing ourselves to a break

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with Russia, and consequently finding ourselves isolated.

Isvolskii's attitude toward Austria, and the projects he initiated, were a source of constant worry to us. Finally, in 1912, our concern was so intensified by the trouble in the Balkans, that we felt we were insufficiently informed concerning the true situation in Russia. Therefore I visited that country, at the request of President Fallières, and had a conversation with M. Sazonov, which he himself has summarized. M. Sazonov was a pacifist. He was the Foreign Minister of Russia. Let me add that the Tsar himself was likewise a sincere friend of peace. M. Sazonov recalls this point in our conversation: 'Thereupon M. Poincaré thought it necessary to emphasize that public opinion in France would not permit an appeal to arms in connection with a question exclusively Balkan, unless Germany should participate in it and directly provoke the casus fœderis.'

This was the constant preoccupation of every French Government. Furthermore, I immediately wrote to our Ambassador at London, informing him of what I had learned in Russia, and requesting him to communicate it to the Foreign Office. Our whole idea was to perfect to the utmost the unity of action of the Triple Entente Powers in order to ensure peace.

It may happen, gentlemen, that some ambassadors do not always represent with absolute fidelity to truth the purposes that control the Government to which they are accredited, but modify them in their reports to suit their own opinions, and to win favor with their superiors at home. That was precisely what occurred in the case of M. Isvolskii.

On November 17 he had an interview with me, which he reported inaccurately. He quoted me in a telegram to St. Petersburg as follows: 'If Russia declares war, France will do so also.' But, conscious of the fault he had committed, he brought me the telegram, — something that he never did on any other occasion, — and I immediately protested and asked him to rectify it. In addition, I telegraphed at once to our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, directing him to inform the Russian Government that I had gone no further in my interview with Isvolskii than to state that France would be loyal to the Treaty of Alliance, and would support Russia in case a casus fœderis should arise.

I added in this telegram: 'M. Isvolskii has promised a correction. I shall be obliged to you if you will accurately define our attitude.'

M. Isvolskii did correct his statement, but not in full. It is to be read in the Black Book. . . . He did state, as I had indicated, that France would act if it were clearly established that a casus fœderis had arisen. Then he added, 'that is to say, if Germany should give support to Austria in an attack upon Russia.'

We engaged ourselves to observe the Treaty, nothing more. If I had not made the statement I did, I should have given Russia a just excuse to leave us in the lurch, should Germany attack our eastern frontier. In maintaining the Alliance we were seeking to maintain the peace of Europe.

France was the first country to endeavor to prevent a Balkan War, then to localize it, and last of all, to bring it to an end. M. Sazonov seconded our efforts. I quote German and Austrian authorities for this. On October 2, M. Jules Cambon telegraphed from Berlin the substance of a conversation with the Chancellor: —

'If Russia and Austria,' said he, 'take measures to preserve the territorial status quo in the Balkans, they will do so in the

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name of all the Powers, including Germany.' There is not a moment to lose. The Chancellor counts upon our efforts to preserve the peace of Europe.

Three days later the *Fremdenblatt*, which was the official mouthpiece of the Austrian Government, thus referred to the attitude of the French Government: —

> France by her prompt and decisive initiative has again given proof of her pacifist sentiments, by exerting herself to prevent a conflict with a zeal worthy of universal gratitude.

Representatives of the Powers held a conference at London under the presidency of Sir Edward Grey, who labored so zealously, both at that time and in 1914, to preserve the peace of Europe. Thanks largely to his personal influence, and to the cordial support of the French Government, the conflict was localized, and the peace of Europe preserved. Preserved for two years! A very short interval, but a most important one! . . .

Throughout the year 1912, Germany sincerely endeavored to coöperate with us in the general interest of European peace. She was not yet ready. That is why, early in 1913, she adopted a military programme that compelled France to inaugurate three years' army service. But the fact remains that the united efforts of all the Great Powers succeeded for the time being. In June 1914, however, the Serajevo assassination came to destroy the results of this cooperation. We need only read the notations that William II made upon the diplomatic documents submitted to him daily and published by Kautsky under the authority of the German Revolutionary Government before that Government had adopted a policy of defending the Empire — I say, we need only read these violent and insane notations to see that the thought of crushing Serbia dominated the whole policy of Austria and Germany.

M. Viviani and I left together for St. Petersburg on an official journey that long-established precedents imposed upon us. Austria and Germany were informed accurately of all our plans and movements, including the exact hour that we left Russia. They arranged it together so that the ultimatum should arrive after our departure. They hoped thus to prevent our two Governments from concerting upon our future action, and sought to face us with an accomplished fact. When the ultimatum was signed, therefore, we were already on the sea. So little did we anticipate immediate war, that we made our projected visit at Stockholm. When we left that city, we still hoped to be able to keep engagements already made at Copenhagen and Christiania; and it was in the middle of the Baltic that we first learned by wireless the gravity of the crisis.

We did not know the whole situation, however, until we debarked at Dunkirk, where our Cabinet colleagues had come to meet us. When we reached Paris, we were received by a startled and troubled nation that, far from wishing war, was overwhelmed with solicitude for the safety of France, although firmly resolved upon any sacrifice to defend the fatherland.

M. Viviani recalled to you yesterday how we ordered our troops to withdraw ten kilometres from the frontier, and how our military commanders assented to this arrangement. I personally congratulate myself that I endorsed that decision and thus avoided frontier skirmishes that might have been responsible for rendering the war inevitable. The same speaker recalled to you that I not only approved this proposal, but that I amplified it in respect to the cavalry. The only step I took on my personal initiative — and that was

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with the consent of the Ministry — was to write a letter to King George on July 31, 1914. 'I informed the King that France would do all in her power to maintain peace, and that so far she had confined herself to purely precautionary measures. However, we might be on the eve of serious events.

From information in our hands, it was clear that if Germany were convinced that England would not intervene, she would stake all on a war. If, on the contrary, England made it plain that she would give us military aid in case of need, the risk of war might be dissipated. . . . In thus appealing to England for a definite decision, our only thought was to prevent the catastrophe that threatened. But Germany decided to stake all on a single play. I asked myself what more could be done. We already had only too abundant proof of her warlike intentions. . . .

Let me now cite another significant fact, too often forgotten or overlooked. That is Germany's premeditated violation of Belgium's neutrality. All the world knows the conditions under which her ultimatum was addressed to Belgium, and how King Albert and his ministers gave it an answer that will go down in history as an immortal example of courage and loyalty. (Here a great many of the Deputies rose, and turning toward the Belgian diplomatic box, applauded long and loudly.) But what all the world does not know, though it has been revealed by Kautsky, is that this ultimatum was written on July 26: that is, when M. Viviani and I were still on the high seas, and long before the Austrian and Russian mobilizations of which so much is being made. This ultimatum was written in his own handwriting by General von Moltke, Chief of the German Staff, and was subsequently amended by the Chancellor and by Herr Zimmermann. It was then addressed and sealed and sent to the Minister of Germany at Brussels, with instructions not to break the seal until he received a telegram so ordering him.

This telegram was sent on August 2. But this ultimatum, written on July 26, declared that France was preparing to invade Belgium; that Germany bore no hostility to Belgium; and that if the Belgian Government would agree to maintain an attitude of benevolent neutrality, the Imperial Government would not only guarantee that when peace was concluded the Kingdom would retain all its present territories and possessions, but would be favorably inclined toward any territorial claims its rulers might make against France.

That is the infamous bargain that Germany proposed to Belgium. Now here is the bargain that she proposed to us. It is recorded in a cipher telegram by the German Ambassador at Paris, Herr von Schön, dated July 21. The Ambassador was instructed to notify us that Russia had ordered a general mobilization against Germany, and that this mobilization obviously meant war; and to demand of the French Government whether it proposed to remain neutral. An answer must be forthcoming within eighteen hours, and Herr von Schön was ordered to telegraph Berlin immediately the hour that he addressed this demand to us.

Then there followed, in a still more secret cipher, an order instructing the Ambassador to inform us, in case the French Government promised to remain neutral, that Germany demanded as a guaranty of our neutrality possession of the fortresses of Toul and Verdun, with the understanding that she would return them to us at the conclusion of her war with Russia. A fine proposition that, gentlemen! France was to declare her neutrality before Saturday at four o'clock P.M.; and if we

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gave the cowardly pledge of neutrality Germany demanded, this is the way that country proposed to reward us.

But this is not all. Germany did not even give us time to study her demands. The moment war was declared against Russia, Isvolskii came at night to the presidential palace, where the Cabinet was in session. I left the meeting for a moment, and the Ambassador asked me if France would stand by the Treaty of Alliance. I replied: 'That is the intention of the Ministry; but a final decision can be made only by Parliament, and that will take a few days.' The Cabinet approved this reply. But Germany did not wait those few days that we demanded of Russia. She declared war against us at once.

MORE DIPLOMATIC HISTORY

[*In connection with Premier Poincaré's defense of his pre-war policy, we print below extracts from a series of documents recently made public by the Russian Government. They deal with the negotiations among the Entente Powers during the years immediately preceding the war. Only Julian-calendar dates are given.*]

From the *Manchester Guardian, June* 12–17
(Liberal Daily)

In the summer of 1911, M. Isvolskii, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, wrote two letters to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg, soliciting funds for the purpose of influencing the Paris press. The significant paragraphs of these letters are the following: —

I am writing you, in haste, a few words to let you know that with the to-day's financial courier I am sending to V. P. Kokovtzeff (Russian Finance Minister) a letter in which, for the present entirely as a private suggestion, I raise the question of the necessity of providing me, in view of the impending international crisis, with sufficient funds for influencing the local press.

Just recently I succeeded only with great difficulty in preventing a wrong interpretation of our signing, at this critical moment, an agreement with Germany concerning Persia. But this success is purely a matter of accident, and it is very important to have a ready and effective means for directing the more influential organs of the local press, which, almost without exception, yield only to arguments that 'ring.'

One has only to recall how great a rôle was played during the Bosnian crisis by the clever distribution of money among the French papers by Count Kevenhuler. I am asking V. P. Kokovtzeff to answer me whether he considers my request exceptional at the present moment, in which case I shall not fail to submit to him considerations as to the amount of the sum required and the manner of its distribution. . . .

If we really decide to raise at once the question of the Straits, it is very important that steps should be taken to ensure here *une bonne presse*. Yet in this respect I lack the principal weapon, since nothing has come out of my persistent requests for funds to deal with the press. . . . As an illustration of how useful it is here to spend money on the press one may take the Tripoli case. I know that X worked up with a great thoroughness and liberality the principal French papers. The results speak for themselves. . . .

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On April 16, 1912, Isvolskii wrote to Sazonov, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Lord Haldane's journey to Berlin for the purpose of removing the existing friction between Great Britain and Germany, and putting relations between the two countries upon a permanently friendly basis, 'did not come, according to M. Poincaré, as a complete surprise to the French Government. . . .'

If, nevertheless, in the beginning a certain nervousness was experienced here in connection with this journey, the public statement made by the British Government, that it would not in any way affect the stability of the existing political bonds between Great Britain and France and Russia, and that both the Paris and the Petersburg Cabinets will be fully informed of the results of Lord Haldane's journey, has, as far as I am able to judge, fully dispelled this feeling.

M. Poincaré told me that the French Government can only welcome this attempt made by Great Britain and Germany to establish more normal mutual relations, and that this attempt does not excite in French circles the slightest apprehensions or doubts as to the complete loyalty of the British Government. What is more to be feared is a possible failure of the negotiations, after which there might arise a greater tension of Anglo-German relations and consequently a new menace to the peace of Europe. M. Poincaré's statements appear to me quite sincere, and on my part I am trying to encourage him in an optimistic view of the matter.

But I cannot refrain from remarking that in military circles here a different view was prevalent a few days ago: namely, the military are afraid that if an agreement is reached between Great Britain and Germany regarding, if not a cessation, yet even a relaxation, of rivalry in the matter of naval armaments, the German Government will devote doubled resources to the increase of her army, which in its turn will call forth corresponding measures on the side of France and Russia.

As regards the French press, it has in the present circumstances maintained an entirely calm and reasonable attitude, while the Bourse has responded to the negotiations by a rising tendency.

Another international visit was causing more or less secret perturbation at this time. A few weeks before the letter just quoted was written, on March 1, 1912, Isvolskii had written to Sazonov apropos of the proposed visit to France of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich:—

This visit will of course be accompanied by great pomp; in view of the slightly heated atmosphere prevailing here at present, both in military circles and among the general public, the presence of His Highness among the French troops will undoubtedly give cause for enthusiastic ovations. The programme of the visit includes, among other items, a sojourn in Nancy, where a review of the troops, manœuvres, and a military banquet are proposed. At the same time it is common knowledge that it is precisely Nancy, situated within the area of the so-called 'iron troops,' ready at any moment to resist the German army, which presents particularly volcanic soil. It is necessary, therefore, to bear this in mind in order to avoid any undesirable incidents.

I have gathered the impression from my conversation with Poincaré that he is also slightly perturbed by the above-mentioned considerations. It is very probable that here they fear, not so much incidents of an international nature, as a certain excessive display of enthusiasm for the representative of the military-monarchist principle, even if embodied in an ally. In view of the above considerations, Nancy will be, very probably, eliminated from the programme, and I think that we shall have no reason to regret it.

On the fourth of August, 1912, Sazonov made an elaborate report to the Tsar of the results of Premier Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg. First of all, the representatives of the two Powers took the opportunity to express to each other their mutual satisfaction at the completion of the recent negotiations between the chiefs of their naval

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staffs. A military convention had been in existence for about twenty years. The development of strategic railways on Russia's German frontier was also discussed. Poincaré pointed out that he attached great importance to the desires of the French General Staff regarding them. Other significant topics touched upon in this respect were the following: —

The relations between France and England formed the subject of the most candid exchange of views between M. Poincaré and myself. Having pointed out that these relations have lately, under the influence of the aggressive policy toward France on the part of Germany, assumed the character of especial closeness, the French Prime Minister confided to me that, although no written agreement existed between France and England, nevertheless both the military and the naval General Staffs of both countries maintain with each other a close contact and continually communicate to each other with complete frankness all information that may interest either of them.

This constant interchange of views had as its consequence the conclusion between the French and the English Governments of a verbal agreement by virtue of which England stated her readiness, in the event of an attack on the part of Germany, to give assistance to France with both her naval and her military forces. On land England promised to help France by sending over to the Belgian frontier an army of 100,000 men, in order to resist the German invasion of France through Belgium which is anticipated by the French General Staff.

M. Poincaré earnestly requested me to maintain the utmost secrecy about this information, and not to give even the English any reason to suspect that it had been communicated to us.

Having confirmed the intention of both our Governments to keep a close watch over the happenings in the Balkans, and to exchange constantly our views and information concerning this matter, we again agreed with M. Poincaré, in the event of complications actually taking place, to establish immediately, in accordance with circumstances, a joint method of action for the prevention by diplomatic means of a further worsening of the situation.

In this connection, M. Poincaré thought it was his duty to point out that French public opinion would not permit the Government of the Republic to enter on military operations for the sake of purely Balkan matters so long as Germany remained inactive and did not by her own action involve the application of the casus fœderis, in which case we should naturally be entitled to a full and exact execution of the obligations by which France is bound to us.

In conclusion I deem it my duty to note that I was greatly pleased with the opportunity of meeting M. Poincaré and of entering into personal relations with him, all the more so as from the exchange of opinions with him I gained the impression that in his person Russia has a true and reliable friend with an exceptional statesmanlike outlook and with inflexible will. Should international relations reach a critical moment, we can only wish that at the head of the Government of our ally there should stand, if not M. Poincaré himself, then a man endowed with an equally firm character and equally fearless in undertaking responsibility as is the present Prime Minister of France.

Throughout this period, their relations with Italy preoccupied the three members of the Entente. On November 8, 1912, Isvolskii returned to this matter in a long letter to Sazonov: —

If it should prove that France cannot rely on Italy's neutrality, this would alter the whole plan of campaign based precisely on this neutrality. This question is so important that, as I have been informed, Poincaré called this morning an urgent meeting of the Cabinet to discuss it.

There is another reason which impels me to insist on the fulfillment of Poincaré's request: there is, as I have already often mentioned to you, the need to *ménager sa susceptibilité*. In the majority of cases all (his) requests addressed to you have been either simply declined or granted with obvious reluctance. *Je crains beaucoup que cela ne finisse par le décourager*. Yet, in a decisive

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moment — if such a moment, which God forbid, should arise — a great deal will depend on him personally. At times I think with horror of what would happen if, at the present critical moment, instead of Poincaré there stood at the head of the French Government Caillaux or Clemenceau. Do not forget that he will have to fight against very influential elements in his own party who are very unfavorably inclined toward Russia and are openly preaching that France under no circumstances must be involved in a war brought about by Balkan affairs.

On March 5, 1914, Isvolskii, who was still Russian Ambassador at Paris, wrote a letter to Sazonov, summarizing his information regarding the commitments of Great Britain to France, and the state of sentiment in the latter country: —

Thus, at the present time, Anglo-French relations are determined by two acts — namely, the naval and the political conventions. The first of these conventions, — the naval, — according to the statement made to me by M. Jonnart, former Minister for Foreign Affairs, goes, technically, into much greater details than the similar convention between France and Russia. On the other hand, however, unlike the Russo-French military convention (and the naval convention which supplements it), it is only of a permissive nature.

The political agreement, though stated in writing, also has no binding force; the question whether or not England will take part in a war will be decided by the British Government in accordance with circumstances; if, however, owing to the course of events, England decides on coöperating with France in active operations, the naval agreement will automatically come into force. I have already written to you that the leaders of the foreign policy of France are of the opinion that, the State Constitutions of France and England being what they are, it is hardly possible to conclude between France and England a more binding agreement.

A year ago the French Government, taking into account the general character of the declarations made to it by the London Cabinet, had no doubts that, in the event of France being drawn into a war, it could reckon on the military support of England. Though since then no radical changes have taken place in the general political situation in Europe, the London Cabinet, under the influence of difficulties at home, is now apparently less inclined to follow an active foreign policy and is more readily lending its ear to the advocates of rapprochement with Germany. As I have been able to learn from my recent conversations with M. Doumergue and the President of the Republic, it is believed here that the recent campaign of the German press against Russia has made a great impression on the English Government, which, as is evidenced by the undoubtedly inspired article in today's *Times*, is again awakening to the realization of the danger menacing the European peace from the side of Germany, and to the necessity of serious efforts to counter the attempts at (establishing) a German hegemony.

To the letter from which the above extracts are quoted, Sazonov replied on March 20: —

I deem it necessary to tell you that the further consolidation and development of the so-called 'Triple Entente' and, if possible, its conversion into a new Triple Alliance appear to me an immediate and imperative task. While fully ensuring the international position of Russia, France, and England, such an alliance, in view of the absence of any designs of conquest on the part of the said Powers, would menace no one, but rather serve as the best guarantee of European peace.

As between France and England, there have already been made certain steps in the sense of working out all possible methods of coöperation and of determining in more precise terms their mutual obligations. It is in this direction, obviously, that we also must lay our course, and the discussion of the questions relevant to this matter might, perhaps, be bound up with the negotiations which have become necessary in connection with a whole series of matters closely affecting Russian and English interests in various spheres.

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The Russian Foreign Minister hoped that the approaching personal meeting of Poincaré and Doumergue, the Foreign Minister of France, with King George and his Minister, would be utilized to impress upon the latter the need of closer agreement between Russia and England, and the gratification that such an understanding would give France. He said: 'Perhaps the French Government might deem it convenient to suggest to Sir Edward Grey that they should jointly communicate to us the contents of the political agreement which has been concluded between France and England.' Isvolskii took steps to carry out the wishes of his superior, and secured a promise from MM. Poincaré and Doumergue that they would bring the matter up in their coming conversation with the British King and Foreign Minister. The results, as reported by Isvolskii in a letter dated April 16, 1914, were as follows: —

The exchange of views between the French and British statesmen first of all touched on the relations between France and Great Britain. In opening the Conference, both sides unanimously agreed that the existing understanding between both countries does not need any formal modification or supplementation, and that, by continuing consistently and loyally to apply to all political questions that may arise the entente cordiale, both France and Great Britain will thus consolidate and develop the bonds by which they are united. At the same time it was also admitted that Russia is to be incorporated in the closest manner both by France and Great Britain in their joint policy.

This idea, as you will have certainly already noticed, is quite clearly expressed in the *communiqué* to the press issued both here and in London on the conclusion of the above-mentioned Conference. M. Doumergue has told me that every word of this *communiqué* edited by M. Cambon has carefully been weighed and checked both by himself and Sir Edward Grey, who has fully endorsed the allusion made in it to Russia and also the indication that the aim of the three Powers is not only 'Peace' but also 'Equilibrium.'

I consider it my duty to forward you (here enclosed) a newspaper-cutting containing the text of the *communiqué* already wired by me.

On the conclusion of the discussion of various current matters of actual policy, M. Doumergue turned to the question of Anglo-Russian relations, and expressed to Sir Edward Grey the wishes agreed upon between himself and me. He submitted the following two principal arguments in favor of a closer Anglo-Russian understanding: (1) Germany's efforts to draw us away from the 'Triple Entente,' which she represents to be an unreliable and weak political combination; and (2) the possibility, by means of a naval treaty concluded between us and Great Britain, of setting free part of the British naval forces for energetic action, not only in the Baltic and northern seas, but also in the Mediterranean. M. Doumergue also drew Sir Edward Grey's attention to the fact that in two years we would have in the Baltic a powerful squadron consisting of dreadnoughts.

Sir Edward Grey replied to M. Doumergue that personally he is in complete sympathy with the views expressed by the latter, and would be fully prepared to conclude with Russia agreements similar to those already existing between England and France; but at the same time he did not conceal from M. Doumergue that, not only among members of the Government party, but also among members of the Cabinet, there are certain elements prejudiced against Russia and little inclined toward a further rapprochement with her.

But, nevertheless, he expressed the hope that he would be able to win over Mr. Asquith and other members of the Cabinet to his views, and he proposed the following *modus procedendi*: that first of all both Cabinets, the Paris and London ones, might mutually agree to communicate to the Petersburg Cabinet all agreements existing between France and Great Britain — namely, (1) the military and naval conventions drafted by the General and Naval Staffs, and (2) the political agreement in the form

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of letters exchanged between Sir Edward Grey and the French Ambassador in London. In these letters it is agreed that in the event, necessitated by circumstances, of Great Britain and France deciding to take concerted action, they will 'take into consideration' the above-mentioned conventions. Simultaneously with this communication, the London and Paris Cabinets could ask us what we think of the matter referred to in this communication; and this in its turn would enable us to enter upon an exchange of views with Great Britain regarding the conclusion of a corresponding Anglo-British agreement.

In Sir Edward Grey's opinion, only a naval and not a military convention could be concluded between us and Great Britain, as all Great Britain's military forces have already been apportioned, and evidently are unable to coöperate with the Russian army. Sir Edward Grey added that immediately upon his return to London he will submit the above-mentioned plan of action to Mr. Asquith and his other colleagues for consideration. In response to M. Doumergue's question, whether Sir Edward Grey did not think that it would be desirable not to invest the agreements between Russia and Great Britain with the form of parallel agreements (with the Anglo-French agreement), but to embody them in one 'Triple' agreement, he (Sir Edward) replied that he personally did not exclude such a possibility, but this question need be raised only in the future in connection with the technical drawing-up of the proposed Anglo-Russian agreement.

All three who were present at the Conference — MM. Doumergue, Cambon, and De Margery — told me that they were surprised at the definite and clear preparedness expressed by Sir Edward Grey to enter on the path of a closer rapprochement with Russia; they were convinced that the reservations made to them regarding Mr. Asquith and other members of the Cabinet were of a purely formal nature; and that if he (Sir Edward Grey) had not been sure beforehand of their consent he would have refrained from making such definite proposals.

INDIAN INDIA

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH

From the *Hindustan Review, June*
(Native, English-Language Political and Literary Monthly)

A correct measure of the intellectual slavery bred in us by political serfdom is furnished by our attitude toward the native States. Instead of deriving satisfaction from the fact that something like one third of our country and one fourth of our population has managed, in a large degree, to escape foreign domination, many Indians imitate foreigners by decrying and belittling Indian rule. Indeed, these native critics often go to greater extremes than the foreigners themselves. They assert that the rajahs are incompetent and indolent; that they have no comprehension of personal or political freedom; and that their States are eddies of reaction.

I should be the last to pretend that Indian rule is perfect. I admit that the standard of administration in some native States is low, that progress is stagnant, that a sense of public duty is far from alert. These ills are partly the results of native indolence and igno-

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rance, and partly due to the fact that the rajahs are creatures of a system not of their own making. In view of the so-called education which our rajahs are compelled to receive in their youth, I often wonder that a single individual among them amounts to anything. Whether they attend colleges supported by the Indian States but never controlled by them, or study with British tutors, they come under the influence of men who have little knowledge of Indian culture and less reverence for it. These teachers have generally grown up in an atmosphere of racial arrogance and look down upon Indians, whatever their rank or calling. From such instructors the rajahs are more likely to acquire a love for hunting, drinking, smoking, and sports, than consideration for their subjects and the ambition to be just, humane, and progressive rulers.

Indians complain that our modern native princes neglect the duties of State to wander about European capitals, squandering abroad the money they have extorted from their subjects. In view of their early training, it is a miracle to me that they do anything else. Some time ago a ruler, educated under foreign tutors, came of age and was invested with powers of administration. Shortly afterward he gave a garden party to which he invited his nobles and officials. His guests came expecting an opportunity to become acquainted with their sovereign. Imagine the impression they received when he entered leading a dog, and during the whole time he was present would talk of nothing but the merits and defects of his canine pets.

Our rajahs are reared and pass their lives under a system which affords them little opportunity to develop a sturdy sense of manhood and a conscientious attitude toward their personal responsibilities. The British Resident at an Indian court, instead of confining himself to his original function of serving as a channel of communication between Great Britain and the local government, often assumes the authority of a super-rajah. He encourages the subjects of the Indian ruler to bring their complaints and petitions to him and, sometimes justly and sometimes arbitrarily, intervenes in their behalf. In either case the rajah is humiliated in the sight of the very men who should be taught to look up to him.

Such a dual government can never attain the maximum of efficiency. Half the troubles of Indian India are due to the Resident's assuming functions that under existing treaties are entirely outside his province. He arrogates them to himself, however, with the passive consent of the British Government.

Whatever the faults of Indian India, it must not be forgotten that only under Indian rule do the natives have an opportunity to rise to the highest offices. No Indian has ever reached a high position in provinces administered directly by Great Britain. But in Indian India no post is too good to be given to a distinguished native. This single fact should compensate, in the eyes of any self-respecting people, for all the faults which mar native rule.

Very few foreigners have been appointed to the highest administrative offices in Indian India. Public sentiment is so opposed to such appointments that even the most slavish rajahs fear to make them. Unless I am mistaken, there is not a single foreigner occupying such a position in the native States at present. Europeans and Americans are employed in various official capacities, but as servants, not as overlords of the State. They sometimes chafe against their subordinate position, and occasionally exhibit their irritation openly. But our standard of native self-respect is rising, and Indian rulers insist more and more that their European employ-

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ees observe a respectful attitude toward themselves and their subjects.

I observe with gratification a new practice in appointing British officials in the native States. The rajahs have learned that if such men are to serve them loyally, they must be saved from the temptation of seeking to please the authorities in British India. The only way to ensure this is to induce such men to resign their posts in the British Indian Service, and this is becoming a common practice.

The question of honors presents a more vexing problem. The subjects and servants of the native princes have developed a strong appetite for British titles, and many rajahs actually help their favorites to obtain them. I am convinced that many a native right has been bartered away in return for such honors from Great Britain. This temptation will not vanish until we have developed in India a sturdier sense of democracy.

Some Indians, infatuated with Western customs, argue that men who serve a personal ruler have no security of tenure, that they are likely to be thrust out of office and exiled without cause at the slightest caprice of their master. But we must bear in mind that even an impersonal bureaucracy can be arbitrary. The only difference is that a personal ruler does not gild the pill, while a democracy disguises injustice by hiding it under a section of the penal code or a government regulation. Men are deprived of freedom without due process of law in British India as well as Indian India. Indeed, the number who have suffered deportation or confinement or have had their property seized in British India is far greater than the number who have suffered similarly in the native States.

Having been born in British India, I have always envied the subjects of our native rulers their ability to hold up their heads and to aspire to the highest posts in the State. I have envied them their opportunity to live under conditions which, whether good or bad, were created by Indians. If their environment is in some respects that of the Dark Ages, they have the satisfaction of knowing that obstacles, unsurmountable for their countrymen in British India, are not unsurmountable in the native States.

Rather more than a generation ago, when the administrators of British India were afraid to make education free or compulsory, the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda inaugurated such an experiment in a part of his dominion. This experiment was so successful that the area of free and compulsory education was extended, until it has now become practically coextensive with the State. British officials tried to belittle this success; but with the passage of time they have been forced to follow, though slowly and haltingly, this great example.

Again, the school authorities in British India continue to handicap the general progress of the country by compelling our young people to learn all higher branches in a foreign tongue, which none of them understands perfectly. The Nizam of Hyderabad has begun the experiment of having even university courses given in the native language. For nearly three years a corps of translators has been busy preparing the necessary textbooks; and the first year's experience with instruction conducted in the vernacular is exceedingly promising. In a word, native rulers can inaugurate bold measures of social reform because they are sons of the soil and possess an intimate knowledge of Indian conditions. They do not suffer from the handicaps imposed upon the British officials by their alien blood and birth: these alien limitations are the real reason why the administrators who

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come to us from a foreign land content themselves with regarding government as simply maintaining law and order, instead of as an agency for national progress. More than one Indian ruler has had the courage to pave the way to a better social order by modifying marriage laws and customs which are still in force in British India.

In some respects, native rulers have set the pace for the British administrators even in purely administrative measures. The separation of judicial and executive functions is a case in point. For more than a generation our Indian National Congress passed resolutions recommending that reform. Every native platform contained this demand. But British officials have insisted that they could not maintain order or collect the revenues if the tax-gatherers were robbed of their powers as magistrates. So they have continued a system that ground down the poor and favored numerous miscarriages of justice.

However, some years ago the Maharajah of Baroda, though not brought up in a civilization supposed to be blessed with the highest standards of judicial independence, deprived his tax collectors of all powers of criminal jurisdiction. More recently the Nizam of Hyderabad successfully introduced the same reform. It is a matter of common knowledge that, in time of crop-failure and distress, the peasants of the native States secure remission of taxes much more easily than the peasants of British India. Personal rule proves elastic where bureaucratic rule is mechanical and relentless.

Leaving aside, however, considerations of social progress and administrative reform, the courts of our native rulers form a link with our past; they preserve the tradition of royal patronage to learning and art. But we have reason to fear that when the older generation of rajahs dies out and is replaced by a younger generation, educated in our modern colleges, these traditions will languish. Even now the stipends given to native poets, musicians, painters, and artists are being withdrawn or cut down, and our skilled handicraftsmen are losing custom. Court orders now go to the makers of French gewgaws, to Tottenham Court Road cabinetmakers, and to Japanese silk-manufacturers, instead of serving to stimulate Indian arts and home production.

Whatever may happen in the future, however, the day will eventually come when we shall have ceased to be intellectual serfs. Then we shall thank our lucky stars for the survival of the native rulers, without whose patronage our culture might have perished.

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THE PRESENT SITUATION IN RUSSIA

BY HANS VORST

[*Hans Vorst — the pen name of Dr. K. J. von Voss — will be recalled as the veteran Russian correspondent of* Berliner Tageblatt *who revisited Russia, where he was born and educated, and where he lived a large part of his life, during the early period of Bolshevist rule, and wrote extensively upon the condition of the country and its government at that time. He is a decided anti-Bolshevist.*]

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THE results of the Hague negotiations will not be decided solely by the interplay of international forces, but also by internal conditions in Russia herself. Two groups of questions relating to her internal affairs, which are as closely associated as the opposite sides of a coin, will have a determining effect on the attitude of the other Powers toward recognizing the Soviet Government and reconstructing Russia. The question comparable with the obverse of the coin is, how stable and permanent is the present Government? Or, more precisely, can the world count upon a continued political evolution along present lines, or must it expect new catastrophes and overturns? The reverse of the coin is the economic and legal situation. Is the economic and financial condition of the Soviet Government such as to justify contemplating large international credits to that country? Do the new system of private law and legal procedure, and the general conditions under which business is done, make it possible for foreign private enterprises to operate profitably there? Is there good reason to believe that the Soviet Government honestly intends and has power to fulfill its promises?

Let us begin by examining the first group of questions — the prospect that political institutions will continue to evolve along their present lines. It is not enough to assume that we must count upon a continuance of Russian rule simply because no organized forces exist in Russia strong enough to overthrow it. There are organized forces in Russia precisely as in other countries — an army, a bureaucracy, trade unions, coöperative societies, and the Church. We must first look for symptoms indicating whether these forces are likely in the future to support or to resist the continuance and further the development of Communist institutions. Events in Russia in 1917, and in Germany the following year, have proved that it is not necessary to have a long-continued and systematic campaign in order to overthrow a Government; all that is necessary is for a well-disciplined group to grasp the psychological moment to repudiate a Government that has forfeited public confidence.

In looking for such symptoms in Russia, we should first examine the state of sentiment in the higher circles of the Soviet Government and the Communist Party. We can rarely learn anything trustworthy upon this point through direct channels. We should not waste any attention upon such reports as those of the Russian

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Social Revolutionary News Service, regarding an alleged secret circular by Karachen directing the Soviet delegates abroad to investigate carefully the personnel of their offices, because several important Russian secret documents have become public through the dishonesty of employees.

The truth is that these sensational Russian secret reports are obvious forgeries, so superficial and inconsistent that they ought not to deceive an expert for a single moment. On the contrary, it is evidence of the efficient organization behind the Soviet Government — an organization schooled and disciplined in the stern days of dangerous conspiracy that preceded the Revolution — that no leakage as to the secret purposes or orders of the higher Soviet leaders has ever occurred, in spite of the fact that many of the employees in their offices are inevitably what they call in Moscow 'radishes,' because they are red outside and white inside.

Nevertheless, our inferences as to the sentiment that prevails at the Kremlin are not drawn exclusively from incidents and facts of general public knowledge, although these, as we shall see directly, justify some pretty definite conclusions. We have, in addition, occasional reports that reach the outside world through fairly authoritative channels. At the time the first announcement that Lenin's illness had taken a turn for the worse was made, we ascertained from a well-informed and reliable authority that the Soviet leaders had met at the Kremlin for an urgent special conference, to discuss extremely serious domestic problems facing the Government. Among these were specified: extraordinary measures to prevent Soviet money from becoming utterly worthless, the resignation of a great number of provincial officers because their salaries were not paid or were paid with great delay, and discontent among the workmen and in the Red Army. These conditions were further confirmed by the official Soviet press.

A naïve contributor not long ago wrote jubilantly in *Isvestiya* that the peasants for the most part are no longer worrying over the vanishing value of paper money; they are now keeping their accounts and reckoning their transactions in a stable monetary unit, the wheat ruble. Prices are calculated in poods of grain. The Petrograd newspapers have been filled of late with allusions to the ferment among the working people. *Pravda* not long ago published a very disturbing letter from a correspondent who painted in vivid colors the distress and privation in the Red Army, and their demoralizing effect upon the troops. Measures to remedy this situation were proposed by Bryuchanov, the People's Food Commissioner, to the Russian Central Executive Committee. I quote from the official report of his address: —

> Our Red Guardists, whose number is now less than it has been, must be well fed. At present they are not well fed. The ration that we are able to supply the Red Army is decidedly inadequate and must be increased. If we are to get along with a smaller army, we must have a good one, and must feed it adequately.

Here is one of the reasons why the Soviet delegates are advocating disarmament and using a word that sounds strange in their mouths — 'pacifism.' We know that one year's recruits have been demobilized. In addition, a large number of soldiers have apparently been given indefinite furloughs. While all this, however, proves the economic embarrassment of the country, at the same time it shows the Government's confidence in itself. If the Soviet authorities are

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actually reducing their army, they are convinced that they do not need extensive forces for self-protection. These measures also tend to place in their true perspective the reports from different parts of Russia to the effect that bandit outrages, partly political and partly criminal, are becoming more common. We might otherwise get the impression that Russia was threatened with anarchy, for there are large districts that are really terrorized by such bands. The Soviet press daily reports cases where officials have been murdered and mutilated and parts of their bodies have been sent round to different villages to intimidate the inhabitants.

Furthermore, in judging the alarming reports that we are receiving with such frequency at present, we must bear in mind that every year the time just before the new harvest has been a critical period for the Soviet rulers. If we study the attitude of the Government as a whole, and observe the confidence with which it is making drastic reductions in the civil service and elsewhere to reduce expenses, and confiscating the treasures of the Church, we receive a distinct impression that its leaders believe they are firmly seated in the saddle.

It is equally clear that the present Government is carrying out what it considers essential reforms in the legislative and administrative fields energetically, purposefully, and, in some instances, with remarkable celerity. It is able to do this, and to do it confidently, because differences of opinion as to the necessity of adopting this new course have practically ceased in governing circles. We have every reason to believe the statement made by Litvinov, the Russian delegate to The Hague, when in Riga, that complete unanimity of opinion upon all important questions prevails at the Kremlin. Although a short time ago there were violent controversies in the higher circles of the Communist Party, all parties seem now to recognize that a radical change of policy is necessary. The opposition of the Left, or so-called 'Communist reaction,' to the relative liberalism of the new policy is clearly on the wane, and such differences of opinion as persist are now confined to less dangerous issues than questions of principle — to relatively minor matters, such as the practical problems involved in working out the reforms agreed upon.

Excessive importance has been attached abroad to the illness of Lenin and his temporary withdrawal from active administrative work. People assume that the unique and irreplaceable authority which Lenin exercises in the Communist Party is indispensable in order to keep his unruly associates from flying at each other's throats. They imagine that his absence will be followed by discord and disintegration among the other leaders, and perhaps by palace revolutions, with all their incalculable results.

However, as early as September 1918, when an attempt was made to assassinate Lenin, I came to the conclusion that, quite apart from the folly and criminality of such an act of terror, his murder would have been politically fruitless. For even at that early date the Communist Revolution in Russia had ceased to depend on a single personality. It was already based upon a system. Without underestimating the importance of Lenin's influence as a leader, we should bear in mind that he was a determining personal factor only during the period preceding the Soviet seizure of power. He was the agitator and prophet whose iron will and concentration of purpose forced through the Russian March Revolution, and converted it from a

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democratic into a social overturn. Whatever has happened later, up to and including the recent change of policy, has been forced upon the Communist leaders by events. It logically proceeds from the direction in which the Communists started and the social and economic environment in which they have worked. Certainly to-day the situation is not one where the vanishing of any individual, no matter how able and influential, will have an appreciable effect upon the future course of affairs.

Therefore it is fairly safe to infer from the attitude of the Soviet Government that, despite the formidable economic difficulties in which it is involved, it feels sure of itself, and that the harmony and solidarity which prevail in the leading Communist circles are not likely to be seriously disturbed.

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY

BY CHARLES RICHET

From *L'Indépendance Belge, April* 12
(Liberal Progressive Daily)

From the first beginnings of history and tradition, men have believed that they did not wholly vanish when death came. Ten thousand years before the Christian era, the faith in a survival after death was already in existence among the Egyptians. The painstaking embalmment of the mummies clearly shows the earnestness with which this conviction was held. By the side of the dead they placed whatever had been dear to him, so that he might find lying ready at his hand, when he awoke, all that had lent delight to his earthly existence: something to eat, his trinkets, those whom he had loved, and the record of his achievements.

In all religions, with perhaps the single exception of the religion of the early Hebrews, the same quest of immortality appears, the same belief in a life beyond the grave. Homer spoke of human survival, and although the shades beyond the Styx had but a precarious existence, although they were scarcely more than a floating wisp of smoke, even that was survival of a kind.

Among the Mohammedans, among the Christians, in the Persian, Chinese, and Scandinavian religions, is found the same desire for immortality, the same belief in a future prolonged beyond life here. Yet, although Lucretius, one of the greatest poets, has pointed out with wild and savage eloquence how improbable the idea of resurrection or survival is, no consideration has been able to stand against the great thirst for continued existence common to almost all humanity. Practically the whole human race, at the present moment, believes that death is not death, and hopes for a future life. 'Death is no more than passage to an immortal life,' says one of our poets, summing up the instinctive conviction of all human beings.

It is of interest to know whether this unreflecting belief may not find some

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support in the recent discoveries of the psychology of the occult, which I may be allowed to call — the term has already become classic — *metapsychics*.

First of all, we must understand what we mean when we talk about survival after death. Immortality is not a matter of the persistence of the material elements that make up body and mind. We are perfectly sure that carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, and sulphur — the chemical elements of our brain — do not disappear; but that signifies very little to us. The word survival, as a matter of fact, can indicate one thing only — *the survival of consciousness*. If the consciousness of the individual does not survive, there is nothing.

A consciousness that does not recall its previous state of existence is a new personality, absolutely new; and so reincarnation, without memory of the previous existence of the ego, is not a true survival. According to some, the souls of the dead, after having wandered through the great world, seek to live again in another human body. That is to say, they strive to reincarnate themselves, and so each becomes once again an embryo, a newborn child, a little child, a youth, an adult, an old man, with qualities wholly different from the earthly qualities of the former life. They retain nothing of their past, and they remember nothing. They are new beings.

Now it is not very interesting for one who has died to recover life, if in doing so he is not to retain the least idea of what he used to be. It is true that the spiritualists have contended — although without bringing the least proof to support their opinion — that later, in other times and other spaces, these souls, after having passed through a more or less prolonged series of varied earthly existences, will find in an ultimate synthesis the ensemble of all their varicolored evolutions. But this conception of transmigration or metempsychosis, as Pythagoras would say, seems no more than a fancy of the imagination. It may amuse the poet; it will not touch the philosopher.

There is no survival unless consciousness survives, with the memory of earthly happenings and the persistence, however feeble it may be, of tastes, wills, and passions — that is to say, the persistence of all that constitutes our ego. It does me very little good to survive if I have forgotten my name, my sex, my fatherland, and the time when I lived; if I preserve nothing of my Self; if I do not even know those whom I love; if I take delight in those silly things that during my earthly life would have seemed ridiculous or detestable to me. I must be able to link my present Self by the chain of memories with my former Self.

Survival holds no consolation unless there is a continuity of consciousness. The survival of my soul without my consciousness has no more interest for my Self than the chemical survival of the carbon atoms that form the material basis of my brain.

To tell the truth, — if I may be permitted to introduce this parenthesis, — I do not understand why insignificant mortals have such an ardent desire for immortality. In order to regret being dead, one must still exist. If, then, death destroys all consciousness, there will not be anybody to regret having lost that same consciousness. To sum up, it is wiser not to have an unknown and prolonged series of tests to undergo. There is, perhaps, a Paradise; but there is, perhaps, also a Hell. That is the other, and not very agreeable, side of the question. So that I should be easier in my own mind if some genius would come to tell me that there is after death neither Hell nor Heaven; for then, to be sure, I should have neither regrets

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nor perplexities nor anything at all. Now it is no negligible consideration not to have the least remorse, the slightest sorrow, the very slightest boredom to fear. Why should death be so terrible if it brings us a profound sleep without dreams and without awakenings?

But that is not the problem. It is not a question of knowing whether survival is pleasant or cruel. Probably our will could do nothing about it, anyhow. Whether it be pleasant or the reverse, if we are going to survive, we shall survive; and in spite of our fears and our desires, if we are not going to survive, we shall not.

One might write at length on this subject, but I do not wish to prolong my article further. I shall content myself with pointing out a logical necessity on which, perhaps, there has not been sufficient reflection.

If there is no death, then there is no birth, either. For otherwise, during the trillions and quadrillions of centuries in which human beings have existed upon earth, if new ones had kept on being born while no others suffered extinction, they would have ended by peopling, even to infinity, a universe which, vast as it is, would still be incapable of containing their steadily growing number. Survival, then, implies reincarnation, which brings us suddenly into a chaos of hypotheses and improbabilities.

But let us put on one side these metaphysical or physiological arguments, and let us see what we can learn from experiments with mediums — those curious beings who have powers, whether of matter or of spirit, that are peculiar to themselves.

When a medium seats himself at a table and writes, he has a constant tendency to recognize himself as the immediate agent of this so-called automatic writing. He asserts that a spirit has incarnated itself in him, and in fact there are often astonishing consistencies in the reasoning, the emotions, and the character of this personality which seems thus to be born. But is it necessary to conclude from this appearance that it is actually a spirit, a former human being, who is born anew?

One cannot satisfy one's self with the spirit's own affirmation. It is not enough that somebody should say in French or English or Italian or even in Greek: 'I am Socrates and I advise you to take an interest in the things of the Beyond,' for me to cry: 'It is the consciousness of Socrates returning to earth.'

That would be an access of naïveté of which I do not feel capable. In that case the problem would be very simple; and it would be necessary to give a definite negative conclusion, if it were not for the fact that these spirits, returning by means of the medium, disclose certain things which, although unknown to the medium, are true, and that sometimes these words or writings of the mediums are disconcerting, for they reveal a whole new world. The dead man who manifests himself by the writings of the medium seems truly to have returned. He gives absolutely exact details as to what he was upon the earth. He takes up conversations at the point where he left them during life. He unveils secrets that he alone knew. If a mother, anxious to see her son again, goes to a medium without being known, and suddenly the name of her son is given and certain details are supplied her, how can one ask that grieved mother not to be convinced that her beloved son has come back to her?

Authentic examples of these recognitions are innumerable, but what are we to conclude from them? The obvious opinion that the dead is not dead, that he speaks and writes by the hands of the medium, seems to me to present

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such serious contradictions and such grave difficulties that I suppose something quite different.

Hypothesis for hypothesis, I choose that which does not involve enormous, even colossal, improbabilities. I prefer to admit this, which is not very complicated: that there are certain privileged beings — whom we call mediums — possessed of a sort of knowledge different from our ordinary means of knowing.

Most men know nothing except what their senses tell them, but the mediums have a kind of new sense, a hidden sensitiveness — a cryptæsthesia which reveals to them things which no ordinary sense could teach them. That is what the ancient writers called *lucidity* or *clairvoyance*. Now it seems to me that one can almost always, or even always, explain these identifications by the phenomena of very highly developed clairvoyance; that is simpler, more rational, and more logical than to admit the survival of the consciousness of the dead, especially when the supposed survivor employs confused language, bristling with contradictions, embarrassed by puerilities and stupidities of which the dead individual would in life have been incapable.

Yet it is not by clairvoyance alone that this terrible problem of survival can be solved. There are facts that cause even the most skeptical to consider — and I am among the most skeptical, not so much as to the facts of supranormal senses, which are definitely established, but as to the theories that people have presumed to construct. At the same time certain identifications, as for example that of Raymond, the son of my illustrious friend, Sir Oliver Lodge, compel me to hesitate a little in my skepticism.

Indeed, the more I have studied the objective or subjective phenomena of metapsychics, the more I am convinced that our feeble intelligence can know nothing, or at least almost nothing, of the vast and mysterious cosmos, material or spiritual, that surrounds us. We have not yet understood the universe, which remains an undecipherable enigma and which will, perhaps, always remain so.

For the moralist it matters very little. The moral law will always rest, as Marcus Aurelius laid it down and as Kant took it up again: 'Act as if the destiny of the universe depended on your deeds.'

Assuredly we can know very little of the universe, but to this little bit of righteousness we owe a duty of obedience, whatever may be our ultimate destiny.

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LEONID ANDREEV AT CAPRI

BY MAKSIM GOR'KII

From *Avanti, July* 2
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It was in 1907 or 1908, I believe, that Andreev came to Capri from Berlin, where he had just buried his wife. She was a lady of great intelligence and many graces of character, and her loss, naturally, had a most depressing effect upon the author. All his thoughts and all his conversations centred around the blind, unreasoning fate that had taken her from him.

He constantly wore a black-velvet coat, and seemed physically as well as mentally shaken by the tragedy. His lodgings were in the Villa Caracciolo, which belonged to the widow of an artist, a descendant of the Marquis Caracciolo, who was in his day a partisan of France, sentenced to death by Ferdinand, '*il re bomba.*' The atmosphere of the dark chambers of this house was humid and depressing. Unfinished paintings hung on the walls, suggesting death masks. One of the rooms contained a great smoky fireplace and its windows were darkened by a mass of foliage without. Andreev made this apartment his dining-room.

One evening I found him there, sitting in an easy-chair before the fireplace. His black clothing was illumined by the ruddy glow of the dying embers. He held his little boy, Vadim, on his knees and was talking with him in a low tone of voice, interrupted by half-stifled sobs. I entered quietly and, thinking that the child had fallen asleep, seated myself near the door and listened. Andreev was telling the little fellow how Death stalked abroad over the earth, snatching away little children.

'I am frightened,' said Vadim.

'Don't you want to listen?'

'I am frightened,' repeated the child.

'All right, then go to bed.'

But the little boy clung to his father's knees and began to cry. We had great difficulty in calming him; Andreev was in a state of morbid excitement, and whatever he said merely added to the child's terror. The little fellow stamped his feet on the floor and shrieked:

'I don't want to go to sleep! I don't want to die!'

When the nurse had taken him away to bed, I told Andreev that it was wrong to frighten a child with such gruesome ideas: Death stalking abroad over the world, like an invincible giant.

'But I cannot talk about anything else,' answered Andreev brusquely. 'I now feel what a cold, impassive thing your "beautiful Nature" is at heart. I have only one wish, to wrench myself free from that kind of beauty.'

It was difficult, almost impossible, to reason with him; he became irritated and seemed to take morbid pleasure in his self-torture.

'I am obsessed with the idea of suicide. My shadow seems to keep telling me: "Get out of this! Die!"'

His state of mind alarmed his friends. But sometimes he gave the impression of purposely playing upon their feelings in order to gratify a secret desire to hear them argue that life, after all, was a good thing.

Eventually, the natural beauty of the island, the caressing charm of the

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surrounding sea, the kindly consideration shown him by the people, dissipated in a degree his sorrow. A few months later he was seized with a furious desire to do something.

I recall one night when we were seated on a rock by the side of the sea in the light of the full moon. He shook his head so violently that it disordered his hair, and said: 'I have had enough of this. To-morrow morning I shall start writing again.'

'That is the best thing you can do.'

'You are right.'

Thereupon he began to speak with interest and enthusiasm of what he proposed to do. It was the first time since his arrival that he had betrayed this mood.

'First of all, little brother, I shall write a description of the despotism of friendship, because I shall have to write my yarns with you in mind, you rascal.'

And on the spur of the moment he sketched the plot of a humorous story. The characters were two friends, one of them a visionary, the other a mathematician. One of them planned all his life to make a journey through the air, while the other kept destroying these fine dreams by practical calculations showing the engineering difficulties and the vast expense involved. Then, suddenly interrupting himself, Andreev said:

'I want to write about Judas. I read a poem about him in Russia; I don't remember who wrote it, but it was very interesting. What do you think of Judas?'

I chanced to have just then upon my writing-desk a translation of the tetralogy, *Judas and Christ*, of Jules Wekesl, a translation of the story by Thor Hedberger, and Golovanov's poem. I suggested to Andreev that he read these books.

'No. I have my own idea and what is in those books might disturb it. Just tell me what they have written. . . . No — it is n't worth while; don't tell me anything.'

Excited by a creative impulse, he suddenly rose; he must move about.

'Let's take a walk.'

As we strode along, he sketched me his *Judas*, and three days later brought me the manuscript. That story marked the beginning of one of his most prolific periods of writing. At Capri he commenced his comedy, *The Black Masks*, wrote that bitter fantasy, *Love of One's Neighbor*, and his story, *The Shadows*. He drafted the plan for *Sashka Jegulev*, sketched two scenes of his comedy, *The Ocean*, and wrote two or three chapters of his memoirs — all in the space of six weeks.

I never saw Andreev, before or later, work so steadily and so actively. He seemed to have overcome permanently his aversion for writing; he would sit at his desk night and day, half-dressed and disheveled, and his face glowed with a wonderful, clear, and inextinguishable flame. Every day he would tell me of some new plan, exclaiming triumphantly:

'Now I am master of myself!'

He asked me many questions about the famous pirate, Red Beard, about Tomaso Agnello, about smugglers, Carbonari, and the Calabrian shepherds.

'What a profusion of subjects! What marvelous variety there is in life!' he would say with enthusiasm. 'Those people had a thought for posterity, but we — I picked up one day *The Life of the Tsars of Russia* and tried to read it. I saw that all they thought about was eating! Then I took to reading a *History of the Russian People*. Everyone was constantly in trouble! I had to drop the book. Its characters were vexatious and tiresome.'

He would describe what he had thought out with wonderful vividness

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and color. But he wrote carelessly. The first edition of his *Judas* contained errors that indicated that he had not taken the trouble to read the Bible. Now and then I would make a suggestion:

'It is not enough to say "They drink wine like camels"; one ought to add "as camels drink water."'

'What a trifle!'

He treated his genius the way a bad rider treats a magnificent horse. He kept it constantly on the gallop without resting. He loved it, but he would not take care of it. His pen merely drew the wonderfully complicated arabesques that his impetuous fancy conceived. He paid no attention to cultivating his powers and gifts. Occasionally he himself would recognize that this seriously hampered the normal development of his genius.

'My ease of expression is growing paralyzed. It is becoming harder and harder for me to find the precise word I want.'

He tried to hypnotize his readers with his repetitional phrases, but his words thereby lost their persuasive beauty. He wrapped his thoughts in a padding of obscure words, but only succeeded thereby in denuding his ideas, until he produced the impression of writing popular dialogues on philosophical subjects.

Occasionally, but rarely, he would realize this and lament over it: 'It is a cobweb. It clings to my ideas. I must read Flaubert. You are right. He is a descendant of one of those inspired builders who erected the immortal temples of the Middle Ages.'

Andreev had an experience at Capri that he alludes to in *The Shadows*. The hero of the episode was a revolutionist friend of mine. The actual incident was very simple. A girl my friend met, realizing intuitively that he was a revolutionist constantly pursued by spies, lavished upon him the care and tenderness of a mother for a heroic son. But this heroic son was a rude, tactless fellow who had no knowledge of anything outside of his books. He repaid the girl's spontaneous admiration and affection with a long sermon, telling her precisely the things she wished to forget. She was naturally indignant and boxed his ears, something he well deserved in my opinion. That brought him to his senses. He realized that he had acted like a boor, and apologized and kissed the hand that struck him — certainly the occasion demanded at least that much. This is the whole story.

Sometimes, unfortunately far too rarely, reality is truer and more beautiful than the best story you can tell. That was the case in this instance. Andreev deformed the facts until it was impossible to recognize the significance and the point of the incident. None of the scandalous and improper episodes with which he garnished his tale ever occurred. To see the truth thus sullied made a very painful impression on me. I felt that Andreev had perverted and distorted a beautiful incident that I had hoped might be the theme of an inspiring tale. I know men too well not to cherish as a priceless treasure every suggestion of uprightness and goodness we discover in them.

Naturally, I could not refrain from telling Andreev what I thought of his version of the incident, which I compared to a murder committed to gratify a caprice. He argued that this was his right as an artist, but that did n't change my opinion in the slightest. I still refuse to admit that these rare manifestations of nobility in men are, under any circumstances, to be misinterpreted by an artist, in order to fit in with his own theory of life.

We had a long discussion on the subject, without losing the calm that befits

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a conversation between friends. But from that time on we were conscious that something stood between us. I remember vividly the words that closed this conversation.

'What is your object then?' I asked Andreev.

'I don't know,' he responded, shrugging his shoulders and shutting his eyes.

'But after all, there is some desire in your heart that dominates all others and rises to your consciousness more often than others?'

'I don't know,' he repeated. 'I am unconscious of anything like that. I only feel that glory is indispensable for me. I must have much glory, more than the world can give. Then I shall concentrate, I shall compress it in its narrowest limits, and when it has become a powerful explosive, then I shall blow up and illumine the whole world with a new brilliance. After that men will enjoy the blessing of a new Reason. I know that we must of necessity have a new Reason; we must get rid of that stupid and blundering Reason that now rules the world. The Reason that we have to-day devours the best that is in me; it consumes my noblest sentiments. It promises to return what it takes, capital and interest, but never does what it says. It is constantly putting me off: "To-morrow, till to-morrow; we must wait for evolution." And when my patience is exhausted and my thirst for a better life fairly strangles me, then Reason says: "Revolution!" It 's a lying coward. And I die without getting anything.'

'What you need is Faith, not Reason.'

'Perhaps. But if that is so, I need first of all faith in myself.'

During my residence in Italy I began to worry intensely regarding Russia. As long ago as 1911 my acquaintances began to predict with confidence a great European war which they foresaw as inevitable. They also said that such a war would unavoidably destroy Russia.

When I was in Finland, I saw Andreev and told him my gloomy forebodings. He tried with great ardor to convince me I was wrong, and seemed to be wholly absorbed in the subject; but his arguments were unconvincing; he had no facts to present. Then, suddenly lowering his voice, he half closed his eyes, as if he were rallying all the power of his spirit to penetrate the future. He spoke of the Russian people in words that he was not wont to use; he expressed himself in broken sentences, interrupted, but with a tone of profound conviction that was undoubtedly sincere.

I cannot — and if I could I should not wish to — repeat what he said. The force of his arguments did not consist in their logic or in their appeal, but wholly in the deep feeling they betrayed — a sentiment of profound and suffering compassion for his people, a sentiment so strong and so vividly disclosed that I could not have believed it of Leonid Nikolaevich. His whole body trembled; his nerves were tense.

In a sobbing voice that rose to a feminine treble, he exclaimed: 'You say that Russian literature is regional, because most of our great writers are from the vicinity of Moscow? Let us admit it. None the less it is a world literature, the most serious and powerful of Europe. The genius of Dostoevskii alone would justify the existence of millions of men, no matter how stupid, how criminal, how debased. Let us admit that the soul of this people is sick — we shall heal it; we should recall the proverb: "'The pearl grows in a diseased shell."'

'But the beauty of wild beasts?' I asked.

'But the beauty of human resignation, of patient suffering, of love?' he replied. And he talked on for a long time

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of his people and their literature, fired by an ardor that seemed to blaze higher with every word he uttered.

It was the first time he ever spoke to me of these subjects with such passion and lyricism. Hitherto I had heard him express himself with similar emotion only when describing his love of some genius with whom he felt spiritual kinship, most frequently of Edgar Allen Poe.

A short time after this conversation the horrible war broke out. The attitude that each of us spontaneously took toward that tragedy eventually separated us. We seldom met afterward. However, in 1916, when Andreev brought me his books, we realized again, and most deeply, how much our lives had in common, and what old comrades we were. However, we could not talk of the past for fear of an argument; and the present raised a high wall of irreconcilable differences between us. I do not trifle with the truth when I say that this wall was transparent or scalable from my side; beyond the obstacle I saw a man of lofty character, of original genius, with whom I had been on terms of intimate friendship for ten years, and who had been my closest companion for part of that period.

Divergence of opinion ought not to destroy our sympathies for each other; I have never permitted theories and opinions to determine my relations with other men: but Andreev felt differently. I do not criticize him for that attitude; for he was what he wished to be and was qualified to be — a man of rare originality, of unique genius, stout-hearted enough to recognize and accept the truth wherever it led him.

WHY SAP RISES

BY SIR J. C. BOSE, F.R.S.

[*Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, C.I.E., C.S.I., F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D., founder and Director of the Research Institute in Calcutta which bears his name, is famous for his investigations into the physiology of plant life. This article reports his latest discoveries in relation to the problem, hitherto unsolved, of what causes sap to rise in plants.*]

From the *Manchester Guardian, July* 17
(RADICAL-LIBERAL DAILY)

THE tree has to obtain its inorganic food-material from the dissolved substances in the soil. It sucks up water by the root, conducts it along the stem, and transpires it into the air by the leaves. The quantity of water thus raised and given out is considerable; in a large tree it is about a hundred pounds per day. The height of certain giant trees, again, may be as much as 450 feet. The energy required for lifting such large quantities of water to the top of the tree is very great.

What is the machinery by which the tree forces the water up, and what is the source of its power? This question has attracted the attention of all the leading physiologists for the last hundred

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years, but the problem has hitherto remained unsolved. It is not even known for certain whether the ascent of sap is due to the activity of living cells or whether it is brought about by suctional force developed by physical evaporation from the leaves, the water being conducted along the dead wood.

Strasburger attempted to decide the question by poisoning a tree, and thought that the ascent of water took place in spite of the poisoning; hence it was concluded that living cells did not take any part in the propulsion of sap.

Recent experiments carried out in my Institute have shown the defect in Strasburger's method. A semidrooping plant, when irrigated with a poisonous solution like formaldehyde, is unable to absorb the solution; it droops more and more and dies in a day or two.

In sharp contrast with the above is the following experiment with a potted chrysanthemum plant. Water was withheld for several days, and under the severe drought the plant collapsed and sprawled over the ground; all its leaves became crumpled up and dry, and to all seeming the plant appeared to be quite dead. But irrigation of the plant with water containing a small dose of stimulating drug brought about a marvelous transformation. The plant began to revive from its death-like torpor; it began energetically to suck up water; its inert stem and branches became turgid once more; the plant erected itself to its full stature, and its crumpled leaves became once more outspread in their normal condition. Nothing could be more startling than this sudden transformation of the apparent dead into the full vigor and bloom of life.

The above experiments prove conclusively that the ascent of sap in plants is due to the activity of living cells. We have next to determine the exact position of these cells and the machinery for the propulsion of sap. The theory of atmospheric pressure is out of the question, since it can lift water only to a maximum height of 34 feet; capillary action is too limited to ensure the ascent to any height; osmotic action (diffusion through the porous partition from one cell to another) is too slow, its rate being less than an inch per hour. The velocity of ascent is, however, very much higher; measured by a special mechanical and electric velocimeter devised for the purpose, the rate of ascent of sap under favorable circumstances was found to be more than a hundred feet per hour.

The latest theory that has found more or less general acceptance is that the transpiration from leaves produces a partial vacuum in the wood-vessels, giving rise to a sucking force from above; there is in addition the mysterious 'root-pressure' by which the root pushes up water from below. The ascent is thus supposed to be brought about by a tug from above and push from below, these being due to the joint action of transpiration and of root-pressure.

The above theory is completely disproved by the following experiment. A chrysanthemum plant had all its leaves removed and the stem coated with an impermeable varnish, thus causing a complete stoppage of transpiration. The root-pressure was eliminated by cutting off the root. The cut end of the stem was next placed in water, and the ascent took place at the rate of 60 feet per hour, and this in the complete abscence of transpiration and of root-pressure. The ascent must, therefore, be due to some independent cellular activity present in the interior of the plant.

The problem ultimately resolved itself in devising means to get access to the smallest element of life, the individual cell or the 'life-atom,' a con-

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gregation of which constitutes the living organism. Our final aim, then, is to obtain an insight into the diverse manifestations of life by tracing them to the throbbing activities of the individual cell. In the discovery and localization of cells concerned in the ascent of sap it thus became necessary to explore every layer from the outside skin to the pith inside, and this while the plant was fully alive and functioning normally. At first the attempt appeared hopeless, for it was impossible to see what was taking place in the interior of the tree; and secondly, even if this were possible, the highest power of the microscope was inadequate to detect any change that took place in the cell during its propulsive activity. In fact, the rate of change involved was less than a millionth of an inch per second. The detection of such ultramicroscopic action in the cell may well appear beyond the range of possibility; but this is not so entirely hopeless as it has been assumed to be, for the magnetic crescograph that I devised enables us to obtain a magnification from ten to a hundred million times. This would be sufficient to detect, not merely the cellular, but even atomic, movements. The difficulty does not, therefore, arise from want of sensitiveness of the apparatus, but from the practical impossibility of attaching a single cell to the crescograph.

I have, however, been able to overcome the difficulty of securing contact with an individual cell by the invention of the electric probe. It will be out of place here to enter into details of its construction; for this and for other information the reader is referred to my work on the *Physiology of the Ascent of Sap*, to be shortly published by Messrs. Longmans. It need only be stated here that the electric probe consists of a fine platinum wire in connection with a sensitive galvanometer; the probe is thrust in, gradually and step by step, from the epidermis outside to the pith in the interior. When the probe comes in contact with the active cell it sends out electric signals which are automatically recorded by the galvanometer. The up stroke in the galvanometer-record indicates expansion and absorption of sap, while the down stroke indicates expulsive contraction. It is thus found that the cells in the active layer are in a state of throbbing pulsation, expanding and contracting by turns; there is, moreover, a definite sequence of pulsation from below upward. Each cell during its phase of expansion absorbs water from below, and expels it upward during the phase of contraction. The ascent of sap thus takes place by the coördinated activity of a series of vertically situated cellular pumps. The period of a single pulsation is about 14 seconds; but under definite physiological variations the up and down strokes become quickened or slowed down to the point of arrest. The records show further that the epidermal cell is inactive, while the cortex which surrounds the woody tissue is the most active. The cellular activity is completely absent from the dead wood. The cortical sheath which extends throughout the entire length of the tree is thus the active medium for the propulsion of sap; the wood vessels serve merely as a reservoir for storage of water for emergencies, water being injected into them during the active contraction of the cortex.

The stream of material for building up or assimilation in the animal is maintained by the pumping action of the heart. A similar function is discharged by the pulsating tissue which extends throughout the length of the tree. The records of the heartbeats of animal and plant exhibit astonishing similarities. Thus, the animal heart beats faster under rising temperature;

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the activity of the pulse-beat in the plant is similarly increased, the rate of propulsion of sap being thereby enhanced. The converse effect takes place under cold, the heartbeat coming to a stop at a sufficiently low temperature; the cellular pulsation likewise stops at a critical temperature, the ascent of sap thus undergoing an arrest. This explains the drooping of leaves of a plant kept outside during frost. On taking the plant inside, the pulsations are revived and the leaves recover from their drooping condition by the pumping-in of the sap.

There is a continuity in all life, and the physiological machinery is the same in the plant and in the animal. The plant, like the animal, contracts under a shock; there is a well-developed nervous system in the plant, so that the tremor of excitation initiated at a point courses through the whole. Circulation is maintained in both by similar mechanisms. Drugs affect the plant and the animal alike. There is, indeed, no characteristic action in the highest animal that has not been foreshadowed in the simpler life of the plant. Hence investigations in vegetable life will solve many of the perplexing problems in animal life. Thus, through the experiences of the plant it will be possible to alleviate the sufferings of man.

A BATTLE OF SAMURAI AND CHRISTIAN SPIRITS

BY KIDO OKAMOTO

[*Kido Okamoto, the most popular playwright of Japan, has written more than fifty novels and one hundred dramas since he began his career as a writer in* 1890. *Most of his plays are historical dramas or social satires. We print below a condensed version of his tragedy,* Lady Hosokawa, *the scene of which is laid in Japan during the early missionary era.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser, July* 2
(Tokyo American Daily)

[In 1598 the Regent Hideyoshi Toyotomi died in his Osaka Castle, leaving his three-year-old son, Hidoyori, as his successor and virtual ruler of the Empire, though without the title of Regent or Shogun. Tokugawa Ieyasu, the most powerful daimio, it was believed would usurp the power in the hands of the infant boy. Most of the daimios sided with Hideyoshi. A collision between the two factions was inevitable, and in 1600, when Tokugawa left Yedo for northern Japan to subdue Lord Uesugi, the Osaka party openly declared war against him.

In those days it was the custom of the daimios to leave their families at their Osaka residences. The Osaka party, therefore, in order to win over the disaffected daimios to their cause, ordered the families of the absentees to enter the Castle, intending to detain them there as hostages for the fidelity of their lords.

Among the unfortunate ones were Lady Hosokawa and her two younger

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children. Her husband, Hosokawa Tada-oki, who was one of Tokugawa's most faithful adherents, with his eldest son had accompanied Ieyasu on his campaign for the subjugation of Uesugi. Lady Hosokawa, powerless to resist the order to enter the Castle, had to choose between the alternatives — captivity or death. As a Christian, for she was a Catholic, suicide was forbidden her; as the wife of a samurai, it was the only resource consistent with honor. What she did under these circumstances will be told by the present drama.

The characters of the drama are: Lady Hosokawa, wife of Hosokawa Tada-oki, a daimio; Yonosuke, her ten-year-old son; O-Tsune, her eight-year-old daughter; Lady O-Chiyo, wife of her eldest son; Ogasawara Shosai, a counselor to Lord Hosokawa; Kawakita Iwami, a retainer to Lord Hosokawa; O-Shimo, chief maid-of-honor; O-Fuku, a maid-of-honor; Lord Konishi, a brave daimio; Yojibei, a pilgrim; O-Matsu, his granddaughter; Ryozen, a Buddhist priest; Imamiya Tangi, an envoy from the Castle of Osaka; some retainers of Lord Hosokawa and several peasants.

The first act opens on the afternoon of June 16, 1600, before the gate of an old Roman Catholic church called Nomban-ji, in the suburbs of Osaka, built in the style characteristic of those days. A great crape myrtle stands before the gate and the walls are covered by a luxuriance of ivy. Western music is audible from within the church.

On the rise of the curtain, Yojibei, an old farmer from Nagasaki, in the garb of a pilgrim and with his face in a bandage of white cloth, as is usual with a leper, is lying ill before the gate, listening to the music. O-Matsu, his sixteen-year-old granddaughter, also in the habit of a pilgrim, is nursing him. Enter Ryozen, a Buddhist priest of the Zen sect, followed by four peasants, armed respectively with a hoe, a spade, a pole, and a pike. The Buddhists discover the pilgrim and order him to get up, when they find that he is a leper and start back in horror.]

FOURTH PEASANT. Girl, you must go. We cannot have our village contaminated by this loathsome disease.

FIRST PEASANT. Begone at once!

SECOND PEASANT. If you won't move, this pole may persuade you.

ALL PEASANTS. Be off! Be off!

O-MATSU (*greatly distressed*). Yes, sirs, we will go.

RYOZEN. I am sorry for you, but there is no help for it. One cannot always be merciful. You had better leave before you are beaten.

ALL PEASANTS. Come, girl, be off, be off! (*Urged thus,* O-MATSU *departs, guiding* YOJIBEI.)

RYOZEN. My men, as I was telling you just now, Christianity being strictly prohibited, the church in the capital was demolished long ago. Is it not monstrous that here, in this village, this building is allowed to stand unharmed and the vile tenets of the false religion are taught with impunity as before?

FIRST PEASANT. It is, indeed, Reverend Sir. To allow such a building to stand forever and to let the devilish religion spread more and more will do harm, not only to our village, but to the country at large.

RYOZEN. You speak truly. What is the contamination to be feared from a leper compared to the far greater contamination of this evil thing in our midst!

FOURTH PEASANT. Down with it, down with it! Sir, we will do the job at once, under your eye.

[Other peasants come in and agree to join in wrecking the church. Led by

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the Buddhist priest, Ryozen, they are about to break into it, when the gate opens and there enters Lord Konishi, a daimio, in full dress, wearing a cross.]

LORD KONISHI. What means this noise and tumult? Back, back! (RYOZEN *and the peasants retreat a few steps.*) Why have you come here armed as if to commit violence?

RYOZEN. That is none of your business, sir. Let us pass.

LORD KONISHI. I suppose, priest, it is at your instigation that these silly peasants are here. Bid them disperse.

RYOZEN. My lord, Christianity being under ban, this building must not be left to stand —

LORD KONISHI. When His Highness, the Regent Taiko, was living, it is true, Christianity was put under ban; but can a religion which has 600,000 followers, scattered all over the Empire, be stamped out in a day? Moreover, in the reign of His Highness, the present Regent, the enforcement of the prohibition has been gradually relaxed, and the priest of this church is even received at the Castle of Osaka. Are you not aware of this fact?

RYOZEN. Well, and what then, my lord?

LORD KONISHI. I myself am a believer in this holy religion. (*To the peasants*) Peasants, if you use violence I will resist you to the death. Put one foot within the gate at your peril! (*He speaks sternly with his hand on the hilt of his sword.*)

RYOZEN. You mistake us, my lord; we should never dream of attacking your Lordship's person.

LORD KONISHI. Then away, priest! Away, peasants!

[As Ryozen and the peasants slink away, Lady Hosokawa enters, wearing a cross and accompanied by her maid-of-honor, O-Fuku. She asks regarding the noise she has just heard, and Lord Konishi tells her the peasants were about to pull down the church.]

LADY HOSOKAWA (*sighing*). Oh, it is sad indeed that there are in these days as of old those who cannot receive the holy teaching of God, and who call His worship superstition. But of late the number of Christians has increased, and over twenty daimios are now to be counted among the true believers. Your Lordship is among the most devout, and next come Lords Otomo, Arima, and Takayuma. Henceforth our religion will prosper more and more; never will it decline. Even I, a humble follower, am full of hope.

LORD KONISHI. You are, madam, though of the softer sex, such a zealous adherent that His Holiness the Pope has bestowed upon you the name of Gratia. By the way, is your husband, Lord Hosokawa, yet converted?

[Lady Hosokawa regrets that he is not, but is glad that he does not interfere with her practice of Christianity. In reply to Lord Konishi's question, she says that she has not heard from her husband and son since they left Osaka to fight with Lord Tokugawa. Lord Konishi bids her farewell and starts to leave. Lady Hosokawa bows to him, turns to the church, and makes the sign of the cross, when Lord Konishi calls to her to wait a moment, saying that the fortunes of war cannot be foreseen, but in any case she must hold firmly to Christ's teaching.]

LADY HOSOKAWA. I thank you, my friend. With God's help, I will under no circumstances abjure my faith or disobey its laws.

LORD KONISHI. Your words lift all anxiety from my mind. This very evening, troops may surround your dwelling and threaten your person. Remember that you are strictly forbidden by our faith to take your life. Trust in God and leave all to Him.

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LADY HOSOKAWA. I will remember. Again farewell.

[As Lord Konishi again prepares to leave, the old leper, supported by his granddaughter, O-Matsu, comes in and sinks to the ground. Questioned by Lord Konishi and Lady Hosokawa, O-Matsu tells them that they are Christian peasants from Nagasaki, making a pilgrimage in the hope that her grandfather may recover from his dread disease.]

YOJIBEI. I, who suffer from an incurable disease, wish to die here before the gate of this most holy church. I pray God for death. But it seems my sins are so great that I am not yet granted this liberation. (YOJIBEI *displays a cross hanging around his neck.*)

LORD KONISHI. Are you indeed Christians? Lady Hosokawa, are they not to be pitied?

LADY HOSOKAWA. Indeed, yes, Lord Konishi. My friends, never lose hope. Faith in God and our Saviour can cure even leprosy and make a cripple walk. My girl, you can not attend to your grandfather properly out here on the street. Come to my home. O-Fuku!

O-FUKU. Yes, my lady.

LADY HOSOKAWA. You go first with the young girl. I will follow with the old man. (*She takes* YOJIBEI'S *hand.*)

YOJIBEI (*astonished*). No, no, my lady. You must not touch me, a leper. (*He shrinks back.*)

LADY HOSOKAWA. Do not refuse my assistance. You and I are equally human beings.

LORD KONISHI. True, Lady Hosokawa, but an unclean leper —

LADY HOSOKAWA. This is Christ's teaching. (*She takes the leper by the hand and prepares to go.* LORD KONISHI *is deeply moved. Music is heard within the church.*)

[CURTAIN]

[The second act opens about an hour later and the scene is a handsome guest-room in the residence of Lord Hosokawa in the suburbs of Osaka. A verandah runs on three sides. There are sliding doors at the back, and to the right of them shelves arranged stepwise, on which are scrolls, an incense-burner, and an image of the Madonna. Before the house is an enclosed garden with trees. On the right there is a low bamboo fence, in front of which are several trees and shrubs in bloom.

Imamiya Tangi, an envoy from the Castle of Osaka, enters in full dress and is led along the verandah by a young samurai. The sliding doors at the back open, and there enters Ogasawara Shosai, a counselor to Lord Hosokawa. Tangi informs Shosai that His Highness has decided to summon into the Castle the families of all the daimios living in Osaka, which includes Lady Hosokawa, her children, and her daughter-in-law. They must enter the Castle by six o'clock that same evening. Diplomatic remonstrations by Shosai are met by Tangi's haughty statement that if Lady Hosokawa and her children are not in the Castle by six o'clock, measures will be taken accordingly.

Immediately after Tangi's departure, Lady O-Chiyo, Lady Hosokawa's daughter-in-law, and O-Shimo, her chief maid-of-honor, enter. They ask Shosai what the message was, but he refuses to tell, saying they must await Lady Hosokawa's return from church. O-Chiyo is about to go for Lady Hosokawa, when O-Matsu enters the garden, leading her grandfather by the hand. Naturally the two ladies object, until O-Fuku appears and tells what has happened. Lady Hosokawa enters.]

LADY O-CHIYO. Oh, mother, how glad I am to see you!

O-SHIMO. Allow me, my lady, to tell

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you that an envoy from the Castle has been here in your absence.

LADY HOSOKAWA. I know it; Shosai told me. (*She seats herself.*) The envoy brought a command that by six o'clock this evening Lord Hosokawa's family must be within the Castle.

LADY O-CHIYO. Incredible! What can it mean, my lady?

LADY HOSOKAWA. Nothing to wonder at. His Highness, the Regent, intends to make hostages of us. If we refuse, troops will be sent to enforce his bidding.

LADY O-CHIYO. But why, mother?

LADY HOSOKAWA. Doubtless His Highness intends to take advantage of the Yonezawa campaign to destroy the Tokugawa faction at Yedo. In order to win over all the daimios to his cause, he will make hostages of the noble families in Osaka. That is not at all surprising. Such stratagems are common. (*She pauses.*) I have something to say to all of you. O-Shimo, call Shosai. And O-Chiyo, please go to the inner rooms and bring the children.

(*They go to call the others and* LADY HOSOKAWA *steps forward on the verandah alone.*)

LADY HOSOKAWA. I thought it strange that Lord Konishi spoke to me the way he did just now; but now I understand. It is too late to escape or hide. Ah, the evening cicadas are singing already — it will soon be night. How short the days are getting!

[The two ladies and Shosai enter, bringing with them Lady Hosokawa's little son and daughter, Yonosuke, ten years old, and O-Tsune, eight years old. Lady Hosokawa explains the meaning of the summons to the Castle; they are to be made hostages. If they do not go willingly, they will be taken by force.]

LADY HOSOKAWA. Therefore I am prepared for the worst. O-Chiyo, as you are the daughter of Lord Maeda, you are in no danger. But you had better go as soon as possible to your father's home. It would not be safe for you to travel unattended. O-Shimo, you are a brave woman. I beg you to escort Lady O-Chiyo on her journey. (*Both object strenuously to leaving* LADY HOSOKAWA *in her time of trouble.*)

LADY HOSOKAWA. You are mistaken. O-Chiyo, you can live on without stain upon your honor. As the wife of Lord Hosokawa's heir, your life is absolutely necessary for the prosperity and continuity of our family. Therefore it is neither cowardly nor shameful for you to evade His Highness's command; it is your duty. As to O-Shimo, my daughter-in-law is her mistress equally with myself, and it is her duty to obey orders. No one can blame her for accompanying her mistress. But with me the case is different. (*She weeps.*) I cannot act a dishonorable part. Death is far better than disgrace. My entrance into the Castle would embarrass and imperil my husband, and escape would mean my own shame. It is impossible for me to live. I shall remain in my own home and kill myself as a samurai's wife before I am taken prisoner.

SHOSAI. A right resolve, my lady, and the only one worthy of the wife of a samurai! I was filled with secret dismay when I thought of facing Lord Hosokawa when he returned with the tidings that I had seen his wife and little ones go into captivity. I admire your brave determination. At six o'clock the troops will march on us from the Castle. Before they come I will witness your Ladyship's suicide, set fire to this mansion, and then accompany you to the other world. Lady O-Chiyo and Miss O-Shimo, it is high time for you to speed your journey in obedience to her Ladyship's last wishes.

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[O-Shimo again protests at leaving. Lady Hosokawa relents and allows her to stay, sending O-Fuku instead. Lady O-Chiyo refuses to save herself, until Lady Hosokawa threatens to divorce her from her son. As Lady O-Chiyo leaves, the two children, Yonosuke and O-Tsune, cling to her sleeves.]

TWO CHILDREN. Where are you going, sister? (LADY O-CHIYO, *choked with tears, can make no answer.*)

LADY HOSOWAKA. Your sister goes nowhere, my darlings.

YONOSUKE. But she is weeping.

LADY HOSOKAWA. You should not say such a thing, Yonosuke. Be good children, both of you, and come to me.

TWO CHILDREN. Yes, mother. (*They come back to their mother and sit down on the floor at her side.* LADY O-CHIYO *and* O-SHIMO *leave.*)

SHOSAI. What does your Ladyship intend to do with these little ones?

LADY HOSOKAWA. They shall go with me.

SHOSAI. You are right, my lady, but it is pitiful.

LADY HOSOKAWA (*to the children*). My darlings, though you are very young you must have understood something of what I said just now. I am going to kill myself when the bell strikes six this evening. If possible, I would have sent you away with your sister, O-Chiyo; but since your brother, Yolchiro, is with father far away in Yonezawa, his younger brother and sister will not be overlooked by His Highness. Your case is different from O-Chiyo's. They will let her escape. But should you succeed in stealing out of our gates, the enemy would never rest till you were captured. So you will stay and die with mother, rather than suffer that disgrace, will you not? I know both of you will die bravely, so that everyone, friend and foe, will admire you. Be worthy of your brave father, and mother will praise you.

YONOSUKE. I understand, mother, and will be brave.

O-TSUNE. And I will be brave too, mother.

YONOSUKE. Please praise us now, mother.

LADY HOSOKAWA. Yes, I praise you; and father and brother will praise you also.

SHOSAI. I, too, praise you with all my heart. But oh, the pity of it that two such heroic and innocent spirits should leave this world so early!

LADY HOSOKAWA. One praises one's children for different things. Fancy one's joy in praising one's children for skill at arms or learning! But a mother praising her children for their brave resolve to die with her! Shosai, do not despise my weakness. (*She weeps.*)

YONOSUKE. Why are you crying, mother? Did you not promise to praise us?

O-TSUNE. I shall not feel sad if I die with you, mother.

LADY HOSOKAWA. Oh, no, we are not sad at all. I was wrong to weep. You will see, Shosai, we shall all die with a smile.

SHOSAI. It was wrong of me to speak sadly. It will soon be evening. I will go and tell all our samurai what you intend to do and have necessary preparations made.

LADY HOSOKAWA. Do so, Shosai. Dismiss the men servants and tell the maids, except O-Shimo, to leave and go wherever they please. But I had quite forgotten the two pilgrims I brought with me from the church. Ask them to come here to me at once.

SHOSAI. Certainly, my lady.

YONOSUKE. Mother, does not a samurai change his clothes before he dies?

O-TSUNE. Let me, too, dress in white, mother.

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LADY HOSOKAWA. Quite right, children; how thoughtful you are! You shall put on fine clothes for your journey to the other world. Come; let us go to the inner rooms. (LADY HOSOKAWA *and children leave.* YOJIBEI *and* O-MATSU, *the pilgrims, enter timidly along left verandah.*)

YOJIBEI. Well, O-MATSU, this seems to be a fine guestroom. Let us wait here. (*Seats himself.*)

O-MATSU. Grandfather, is it not the hour for prayer?

YOJIBEI. It will soon be time for vespers. Wherever we may be we must not forget to pray.

O-MATSU. I know, grandfather. (*She looks round the room.*) Oh, there is an image of the Madonna!

YOJIBEI. Eh! Where? (O-MATSU *leads* YOJIBEI *till they stand before the shelves.*)

YOJIBEI. Ah, yes; this is really the Madonna. Santa Maria! (*They worship. Enter* LADY HOSOKAWA *from back.*)

LADY HOSOKAWA. How do you feel, old man? Is the pain in your breast any better?

YOJIBEI. Much better, my lady; your medicine has worked a miracle.

LADY HOSOKAWA. I must hasten to tell you something, for I have little time to spare. I brought you here to help you, but something I did not expect has happened. I must kill myself this evening.

THE PILGRIMS (*shocked*). Oh, my lady!

LADY HOSOKAWA. It proves unfortunate that you came just at this time. If you remain you will suffer also. As the old man is better you must lose no time in leaving.

YOJIBEI. Your words shock me, my lady. But whatever the cause, to commit suicide is out of the question. I beg you to give up the thought.

O-MATSU. And I also, my lady.

LADY HOSOKAWA. Give up my plan!

YOJIBEI. Judging from your visit to the church and from this figure of the Virgin Mary, your Ladyship is a Christian. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to remind you that our holy religion forbids self-murder. Whatever befalls us, we must not die till God bids us come.

LADY HOSOKAWA. Yes, I know that. Only an hour since Lord Konishi warned me in the same words. But honor demands my death. Pray say no more. (*As* LADY HOSOKAWA *ceases speaking, the bell of the church is heard. The two pilgrims kneel reverently and pray.* LADY HOSOKAWA *follows their example. The bell continues to ring.*)

YOJIBEI. My lady, it is the voice of the church speaking to you. Will you not listen?

LADY HOSOKAWA. Holy Mother, have mercy on me! It may be only a woman's weakness that makes me seek escape by death. But we must not lay down our lives as we choose. Life or death, must I leave it to Providence? No, no! If I live I shall be a laughing-stock for all the world. I should bring shame, not only on myself, but also on my husband. How is it? O-Tama, wife of Lord Hosokawa, an honorable samurai, should die by her own hand; Gratia, vassal of His Holiness the Pope, must not die by her own hand. Which is right — to obey God's law or to do my duty as the wife of a samurai. Holy Saints, come to my aid!

[Lady O-Chiyo, in disguise, accompanied by O-Fuku, enters and vainly implores Lady Hosokawa to fly with them. Lady Hosokawa refuses and bids them go. They go out, looking backward. O-Shimo, who has entered from the garden to announce that the troops have already left the castle, remains with her. A temple gong sounds six times.]

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O-Shimo. Ah! six o'clock.

Lady Hosokawa. A moment ago I heard the vespers bell for prayer; now the temple gong sounds six. One hurries me to another world; the other told me I must not die. What shall I do? Was ever woman in so great a strait? (*The sound of drums and bells is heard without.*)

O-Shimo. That is a war gong! The troops are at the gate. (Shosai, *a halberd in hand, rushes in from the left garden entrance, followed by two young samurai.*)

Shosai. My lady, there is no time to lose. I will defend the gate while your Ladyship prepares for your last moment.

Lady Hosokawa. Shosai, as we are not in revolt against the Regent, I forbid you to shoot a single arrow at his men. Simply wait quietly.

Shosai. You shall be obeyed, my lady. (*Exit, with the samurai.*)

[Lady Hosokawa, urged by O-Shimo that there is no time to lose, and importuned by O-Matsu not to kill herself, remains with head bent, thinking deeply. The noise of someone entering is heard, and Kakawita Iwami, retainer of Lord Hosokawa, in traveling attire, rushes into the room from the garden.]

Lady Hosokawa (*looking up*). Oh, Iwami, are you back? How are your two masters?

Iwami. Both in the best of health, my lady, and by now they must have reached Oyama or Utsunomiya.

Lady Hosokawa. That is good to hear, and lifts a load from my heart.

Iwami. My lady, I have brought you something from Lord Hosokawa. Here it is. (*From a small packet hung round his neck and concealed in his garments, he produces a* tanzaku[1] *wrapped in paper.*)

Lady Hosokawa. And nothing by word of mouth?

Iwami. Nothing but this, which he bade me bring with all possible speed and place in your Ladyship's own hands. (Lady Hosokawa *takes the tanzaku and reads the verse written on it.*)

E'en though the wind blows with fury
From Mount Man, sweeping everything,
Sweet flower, *ominaeshi*,[2]
Never yield helpless to the storm.

Lady Hosokawa. The meaning is clear. My husband warns me not to yield to the enemy. Anticipating what was likely to happen, he dispatched a special messenger with this poem. Even so frail a flower as the ominaeshi is told she must not yield to the storm, but bear herself bravely. That is the true woman's spirit. Now my mind is made up! (Lady Hosokawa *rises.* Yojibei *and* O-Matsu *cling to her, one on each side.*)

Yojibei. I am uneasy, your Ladyship. I entreat, I beg you, do nothing rash. (Lady Hosokawa *looks sadly at them. The sound of drums and bells is heard again.*)

Lady Hosokawa. Put me out of your minds; nothing you can say will alter my decision now. Escape while there is yet time. (*She releases herself from their detaining grasp and hastens out.* O-Shimo *follows her.* Iwami *also leaves.*)

O-Matsu. Grandfather! (*She has risen softly and is peeping through the interstice between the sliding doors.*)

[1] A *tanzaku* is a strip of thick paper, about 12 inches by 2, artistically prepared to be used for short poems of 31 or 17 syllables, or for small pictures. Poets, artists, and men of taste generally show much skill in the use of tanzaku. In this case Lord Hosokawa uses one to convey a message in symbolic language to his wife.

[2] *Ominaeshi* is an autumn herb with yellow and sometimes white flowers. Its name literally means 'maiden-flower' and it is a symbol of woman. Here in this verse, Mount Man (Otokoyama) and maiden-flower are contrasted, so that it is impossible to make a satisfactory translation.

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YOJIBEI. What is she going to do, O-Matsu?

O-MATSU. The maids-of-honor have removed all the screens of the inner rooms. Her Ladyship has called her two children to her and is speaking earnestly to them. By her side are the samurai and the maid who were here just now. They have both hands on the floor and are weeping.

YOJIBEI. Then her determination is clear. I feared it would be so. I cannot let her commit this great sin, against all she has been taught by the priests of our religion, without one more effort to save her. Come with me, O-Matsu.

[O-Matsu demurs at intruding on Lady Hosokawa's privacy, but the old man silences her. Just as they are about to enter the inner rooms, O-Shimo enters with a packet of money which she offers them from Lady Hosokawa, urging them to accept it and depart. Yojibei, however, repeats his determination to plead once more with Lady Hosokawa. O-Shimo, impatient, bids him be gone without further ill-timed remonstrance. She pushes the old man aside so roughly that he totters and falls to the floor. O-Matsu raises him. At this juncture Lord Konishi enters from the garden.]

LORD KONISHI. Where is Lady Hosokawa? Konishi Yukinaga wants to see her Ladyship. (*Enter* IWAMI *from rear.*)

IWAMI. Though formerly a friend of this family, you are now a general of the enemy. During our lord's absence we cannot permit you to see Lady Hosokawa. If necessary we shall use force to expel you.

LORD KONISHI. My reason for coming is not what you imagine. I do not want to seize Lady Hosokawa's person, but as a fellow Christian to save her from the rash act I greatly fear she is contemplating. Permit me to go within.

IWAMI. Your cunning excuse does not deceive me. Not one step shall you go farther!

LORD KONISHI. Stand aside! Let me pass! (*He tries to step up on the verandah.* IWAMI *pushes him back and jumps down.* LORD KONISHI *and* IWAMI *close with each other.* SHOSAI *enters the garden from the left, fighting a soldier of the enemy, who, seeing the others, runs away.*)

SHOSAI. Ah! It is Konishi! (*He thrusts his halberd at* LORD KONISHI, *who is thus compelled to fight with him.* LADY HOSOKAWA *reappears, dressed in white and with a dagger in her hand.*)

LADY HOSOKAWA. Lord Konishi, I presume you have come to escort me to the Castle in obedience to His Highness's order. I thank you. But I shall never leave this house alive. I shall kill my little children and myself.

LORD KONISHI. I was afraid of this when I warned you at the church. Lady Hosokawa, by this cross which you see on my breast, and by all the vows made at your baptism, I entreat you to think once more before you do what cannot be undone.

LADY HOSOKAWA. Despise me as you will for the weakness of my faith, Lord Konishi, but do not trouble my last moments. I know only too well that the act I am about to commit is against God's law, but I am a Japanese woman and the wife of a samurai, and as such I must die. Iwami, I look to you to help me at the end.

IWAMI. I shall not fail you, my lady.

LADY HOSOKAWA. Shosai, you will arrange everything after my death.

SHOSAI. I will, my lady.

YOJIBEI. My lady, this cannot be! (*He attempts to approach* LADY HOSOKAWA, *but is intercepted by* O-SHIMO. *The noise outside grows louder.* SHOSAI

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turns and shouts in the direction of the front gates.)

SHOSAI. Ho, there! I speak to the samurai at the gate. None of us will offer the slightest resistance if you will but wait a short time until the women have completed their preparations for leaving. (*The clamor ceases.*)

LADY HOSOKAWA. Now my last moment has come. Lord Konishi, I ask you to pray for my soul. God, Who knows all, is very merciful.

LORD KONISHI. Deeply I regret the cause, Lady Hosokawa, but my prayers to Heaven for you shall be unceasing. (LORD KONISHI *holds his cross to his forehead.* YONOSUKE *and* O-TSUNE *run in, dressed in white like their mother.*)

YONOSUKE. Mother, we have been waiting for you a long time!

O-TSUNE. Please kill me quickly, mother.

LADY HOSOKAWA. Oh, my dear, dear children!

[She can say no more, but embraces the little ones passionately. O-Shimo and O-Matsu prostrate themselves on the mats, crying bitterly. Shosai's halberd falls from his hands and he drops heavily on his knees. Iwami braces himself for his horrible task. Lord Konishi and Yojibei pray silently. The moonlight streams in, flooding the scene with silvery light. In the garden the crickets chirp mournfully.]

[CURTAIN]

THE MONTENEGRIN WIDOW

BY ZOFKA KVEDER

[*This story originally appeared in the writer's* Tales of the Balkan War, *issued by the Contemporary Writers* (Savremeni Pisci), *Agram*, 1913. *Zofka Kveder is a Slovenian novelist. Most of her writings have appeared in that language, but she has written quite a number of short stories in Czech, Serbo-Croatian, and German. She is a feminist and Yugoslavia's foremost woman writer.*]

WOMEN of this little village, perched high above one of the remotest ravines of the Montenegrin mountains, received little help from their husbands, to say the least. The surrounding country consisted of rocky ridges, barren and desolate, with tiny patches of fertile ground hidden here and there between cliffs, as if they were something very precious, and therefore to be concealed. Along the ridge, high up toward the mountain top, were scattered thirty or forty huts, as if a giant's hand had once thrown them there in a forgetful moment. Not far from the village rose the top of the mountain, from which there was a magnificent view of the distant plains below; in fact, on clear, sunny days the sea gleamed from the remote horizon, beckoning, inviting, charming the beholder.

It would be hard to say on what the village lived; but anyway, it lived and grew. The women were prolific; their children were numerous, beautiful, and strong; but their hands were coarse and calloused. Their strong-featured countenances were stern, without a ray of

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joy, for their menfolk were seldom at home. As soon as a son had grown up a little, his father took him away into the world, down to the sea, toward which his young eyes had been turned on clear days; and perhaps even farther, across the sea, into far-away lands. The boy would be absent five or six years; then he would return to the village, and marry some girl, and a few months later he would again have gone forth into the world, to remain away four or five years more, perhaps longer; some never returned.

Babies were born, but their fathers seldom heard their cries. Some women had only one baby; others four to six, as many children as times their husbands had come home for brief visits. As a rule, the women lived alone, finally becoming widows, women without men. Sometimes one of them would not learn that she was a widow until years after her husband had died. Her life would not change in the least, except that the news of his decease would end her waiting for him — waiting that had been a torture, yet a form of happiness, a bit of hope. She would don a black kerchief, so the people could see that she was now alone, to stay alone forever, without anyone to help her.

But it happened that the *Gospodar* declared war.

And Montenegro saw her menfolk return home from over the sea. They came in great numbers, greater than ever before.

Many were the men who came back to the village above the remote ravine; young and old, but all fresh and vigorous. They came as a flock of swallows comes and enlivens the mountain regions. Shouting echoed and reëchoed. They were brave and strong. They had brought arms along with them. Each had a gun at his waist. Shots resounded in the mountains day and night. To die — death — was a small matter to them. Here life was hard and bitter, but down below and farther out in the world — in foreign factories, in the mines, on the railroads, and in the ditches where they had been selling their muscle and strength — there was worse. Now hope of liberty brought them home; they returned with the idea of fighting the Turk, their neighbor, with whom their forefathers had fought for many centuries. Death was something they did not fear. They were ready when the Reaper claimed them. After all, what did it matter? One would sooner die in battle, fighting for liberty, than sell his brawn in foreign factories and mines — ah, to die in battle in the manner of thousands of heroes of the past! . . .

After they had assembled in the village, they formed into companies and marched away: old men and boys, together with men in the prime of life. They were all strong and hardy, very much like the heroes in the ancient ballads. And the women accompanied them to the valley.

Among these was Jana. She was still beautiful, still considered young, although women in her country became 'old' before reaching the age of thirty; for their life was hard, their troubles were great, requiring almost superhuman endurance, while their food was poor and insufficient. Jana had a man and children. He, too, had been working in America, or Australia, or some other place; she could not readily say which. She only knew that it was far away, somewhere on the rim of the world. He was a good man. Of course, soon after they had become man and wife, he departed, as custom and necessity required; they had not been together even three months. Others had been coming home only every five or six years, for the trip was long and costly; but Jana's man returned to her every three years. He would come and

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spend the winter with her. She gave him four children; the first baby was born a year after their marriage, then one each year, following his visits. As was the case of other women in the village, the number of her children was a record of how many times the man had visited her. Three times.

Men had been coming home from the far-off countries and told strange stories. For one thing, it was no shame for a man to work in those places. Jana often thought that was a fine custom and wondered why it did not prevail in Montenegro. And the looks of the hands of the men who returned confirmed those strange stories.

Men had to work very hard in those distant countries. In fact, if they would all work equally hard at home, they might transform the barren and rocky ridges of their homeland into stretches of fertile soil. Instead, when at home, they religiously adhered to that very old adage that the only calling befitting a man was to bear arms against the enemy. Here, if a man once helped his wife at her work, no one would look at him again. Here it was a disgrace to work. When the men returned from over the sea, they loitered about idly, exchanging tales and bits of wisdom, to which it was improper for a woman to listen.

And well-nigh every time their talk would drift to war, to the times when things had been lively, when there had been plenty of fighting. If any had been heroes, they said so and proved their assertions. Old fogies, relating great times of the past, would again work themselves into a fury of excitement with fiery exclamations and agile gestures. They would begin singing old ballads of heroism, which had been handed down from generation to generation. Indeed, it was wonderful to listen to them. On such occasions they would remark that just then times were hard, there was not enough to eat; that they had to go out into the world to pick up a few crumbs of bread, and, what was more, there was no war.

Now, though, the Gospodar had called them and they all came. They were expecting a great deal from this war. They, the Serbs, the Bulgars, and the Greeks were to strike a united blow at the Turk. The Montenegrins knew what they wanted for themselves — the little plain around Scutari Lake, together with that great ancient city concerning which they recited many ballads of olden glory, the city that had once upon a time belonged to their forefathers. They knew a thousand stories and songs about that city.

An armed nation, summoned by the Gospodar, began to march in from the ridges and the villages, and assembled in Cetinje, the capital, whence they turned, by way of Podgorica, toward the Scutari plain.

The detachments from Jana's village were somewhat late; the fighting had already begun down by Tarabos by the time they arrived in Cetinje. They were fresh and craving combat. They had just visited their wives; they had all been given an opportunity to go home before going to war, as the old custom — an unwritten law — required. And then their women followed them, although the Gospodar had issued an order against women going near the battle scenes. The women had baked as much bread as they could and now they carried it on their backs in rear of the column, so they could give it to their husbands, sons, brothers, and fathers when they needed it. When men fell wounded in the field, women were at hand. They picked up the helpless bodies and carried them across the boundary into Montenegro.

From the village located above the remote ravine, a few women accompanied their men all the way to the front;

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but Jana went only as far as the first valley and returned home. Her husband had told her to go back; besides, she had no one in whose care she could leave her four children.

A peculiar peace brooded over the village. Dull forebodings gripped the hearts of women, children, and very old men, who were too infirm to go to war and who now enjoyed a prestige greater than ever before. These old men could tell many a tale, for they had all been in wars in their better years; they sang of bold deeds of valor that had grown to be a part of their souls. Two of them happened to have been in Scutari and told wondrous stories of the great city. Beautiful as a dream, they said, it lay upon a plain which was a veritable paradise; the people there knew nothing of care and worry. On the level fields every seed returned a hundredfold. 'If we take Scutari,' they said, 'there will be no more misery and hunger in these mountains, for that plain is like a larder filled with things of which all can partake.'

Winter held the village in its grip, and listening to the old men's tales was the only recreation. Nevertheless, the days passed slowly; each seemed longer than its predecessor. Sheep, cattle, and whatever else walked on all fours had been herded down to the front at the beginning of the war, so that the army would not starve. What remained at home was hardly sufficient for the children and the women until summer. . . . But they hoped. It was only a matter of a few days and there would be no more want and misery. As a bad dream suddenly ends in the morning, so would these dark days of care vanish.

But weeks passed, months dragged on, and Scutari had not fallen. The army had won notable victories, but they had no value in comparison with Scutari — Scutari, their golden objective, a place of bliss and happiness, a dream, a paradise, the promise of which had come to them through their ballads.

They waited impatiently. In their winter idleness, the women sat in the huts and listened to thoughts that they fancied were pulsing and vibrating from the distant plain to the high ridges. One or the other would now and then journey to Cetinje; but on her return all she could relate with any degree of certainty was that the hospitals were filled with wounded. Of course, there were rumors that the war was nearly finished, and the Montenegrins virtually in possession of Scutari.

Another procession of weeks went by. Then two or three of the women, who had accompanied their men so far that they could see Scutari Lake and Tarabos, returned to the village, wailing and weeping. They wore black kerchiefs on their heads, which looked amid the snow as if so many ravens, messengers of ill news, had come flying from below.

Women and children rushed from the huts, scenting bad tidings. 'Woe to our village! Woe to our race!' cried the women. 'God has punished us for our sins! Go and weep, for before Tarabos all of our men have fallen — every one of them! There is no woman in this village who is not a widow!'

Plaintive sobbing and wailing and weeping disturbed the quietude of the snow-clad ridges. Women beat their breasts and implored Heaven. Now all were widows, alone in the world; no one to help them. Summer was coming; but how could they till the soil? There would be no cattle to graze on the ridges and to give milk for the children! They cowered in their huts, repeating, 'Woe me! Woe me!' The children were quiet, afraid to play or to utter a sound. A heavy, heartless hand had reached up and destroyed the happiness of the whole village for tens and tens of years to come.

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Of all the women only Jana refused to believe. The village became black with widows' kerchiefs, but Jana would not don one. Her man was still alive! For had n't he been always the best of husbands? Had n't he kept coming home every third year from a far-off country, to love her, bringing with him all his savings, so that she and the children would have enough to eat? And had n't he promised this time to come back? 'Don't fear, Jana,' he had said; 'I am brave, but I shall always keep in mind that I have a wife and children.' . . . Oh, no, no; he was not dead! That was impossible. So, when an aunt brought her a black kerchief, she tossed it angrily away, and protested violently that she was not a widow.

Then, one afternoon, a messenger passed through the village and breathlessly announced that Scutari had fallen; and told them that in token of their joy they must light huge bonfires on the ridges and the peaks.

'After all, ours have not fallen in vain!' exclaimed the widows. 'Their blood has been blessed. If they have not conquered for themselves, they have conquered for their children and their children's children.'

As if electrified by the report, every woman took the last piece of wood in her house; some even tore down their fences and barn doors, so that, when night came, the naked and desolate ridges of their narrow and dearly beloved Montenegro were illumined by joyously crackling bonfires. Their children should live a better life! Paradise had opened its gates at last.

Jana, as she viewed the bonfires under the tranquil skies, felt even more certain that her husband had not fallen at Tarabos. God could surely not have permitted her honest, upright, and brave husband to fall in battle before he could see the great city of Scutari delivered from the Turk. And from day to day she awaited his return. Having achieved their golden objective, she thought, their work is finished. Now, surely, he will hasten home.

But he did not come. A tormenting, soul-agonizing unrest gripped her. And one early morning when there was but a faint streak of light visible in the east, she arose, knocked with her fist on a neighbor's door, and asked the woman who came out in answer to look after her children. She plunged into the ravine, then hurried over the mountains and the valleys, waded streams and brooks, taking the shortest route to Cetinje. It was already night, when she arrived in the capital, and she could not learn what she wanted to. The next day things were the same. People of her kind knew nothing, while the officials, generals, and officers of the army seemed to be in a frantic hurry. They were too preoccupied to concern themselves with a poor woman from a remote village. She saw a wounded man limping along the street and approached him. Did he know anything of her husband's whereabouts? The man told her the same thing that the women who came back from the plain after the battle at Tarabos had told.

'You might go to the hospitals and see if he is there,' he suggested to her. 'Possibly they may have found someone still alive among the dead.'

So she went from one hospital to the other, still hoping. In one hospital they thought they knew her husband. There had been a man in their charge — a bullet-wound case — who had often spoken of a woman named Jana.

'Where is he now? I want to see him,' she said.

And they answered her that he had died a few days before.

'Where is his grave?' she begged.

But they could not tell her. Every day they buried tens and tens of them. And they added that she should go to

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the cemetery and there pray for all of them.

Jana could neither cry nor lament. Her heart had suddenly hardened; it became as cold as ice. It shrank as if in agony, but she felt no pain. She took a black kerchief out of her bundle and wrapped it around her head; she had fetched it along as if she had expected this.

But what was this? Suddenly the street became full of people; a shouting, shrieking, frenzied mob streamed by her. Then she overheard that they had lost Scutari; the Turks had counter-attacked and regained the city.

'Why did n't ours hold out?' asked Jana.

'Hold out! How could they? There came thousands of them against one of ours!'

Barely conscious, moving mechanically along, she turned homeward. Now that he had died, she too was a widow. Besides, the paradise was lost again. Scutari was no longer theirs. There had been no sense to those joyous, crackling bonfires. Hope was jesting with them. So many had died, and now — True, that had been a heroic feat; they had stormed and won the paradise; but, alas! the enemy had driven them out again. Now the country was black with the women's mourning kerchiefs.

As she ascended a ridge-path, tears came to her eyes. She began to cry and lament. No one heard her as she wailed: 'Woe me! Woe me! God has forgotten me! I am a widow!'

Then about noon, when the sun was high, it came to her mind that there was new life stirring within her. A baby! The fifth one, and it would have no father! The four she had already borne were boys, and this would surely be a boy, also. Who would lead them into the world, to far-off countries, where they could work? . . .

Suddenly she stopped at the top of a crest and an exalting feeling filled her whole being. She stood there, her body straight and steady, overlooking an expanse of mountain country, and spoke:

'I — I, their mother! I will teach them how to work. If a Montenegrin is not ashamed to labor in distant foreign countries, he should not be ashamed to labor at home. Our — my children shall not loiter about and let their mother work alone; they shall not go away. I will not let them go to the sea, into foreign mines and factories — never! Nor to war — never! Blood can not open the way to Paradise. . . . And then, when our men shall remain at home and work on our soil, life will be better, beautiful.'

Thus spoke the Montenegrin widow as she heavily plodded her way toward the village. Her heart was as lead, but at the same time a thrill of courage shot through her soul. The eyes of her mind peered through the dark future and perceived a tiny streak of light — a ray of soothing hope. . . .

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ANNO DOMINI 6000

BY STEPHEN WARD

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, July* 22
(Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

THESE YOUNG MEN DIED THAT THE DOMINION OF RIGHT AND REASON SHOULD BE MORE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED AMONG MEN.

This curious and interesting record of our remoter ancestors has just come to light within what must have been the foundation stone of a monumental building on the West Coast. Scanty as is the material with which we endeavor to reconstruct the conditions of the first century of the second chiliad (old style), the discovery has naturally caused great contention among the expert. The record can be interpreted to support or to refute a score of theories; and, indeed, only by the eventual accumulation of further material can we hope to read it correctly.

As an instance of the difficulties surrounding the question, we may say that not one of the events here commemorated is known with any certainty. Who are 'these young men'? Where did they die? And what is 'the Dominion of Right and Reason'? The 'young men' did not apparently die on the spot where the record was found. Careful investigation has disclosed no sign of human remains. Failing these, we can hardly even decide whether they died as an example or a warning — in short, whether as patriots or as criminals; and there is extreme dissension on this point. It depends largely on the manner in which the rest of the description is interpreted, as we shall see.

'The Dominion of Right and Reason' is very curious. The first impulse is, naturally, to understand this in the literal sense; that is, to regard Right and Reason as those abstractions to which earlier communities were, strangely enough, continually appealing. Such interpretation still leaves undecided whether the young men died in defense or in defiance of these visionary principles: and there are grave objections. The appeal to abstractions is the mark of a simple, more ingenuous type of society than that which appears to have existed at the period under consideration. So far as we know from other sources, this period was more sophisticated — one might say more cynical. Not content with abstractions, it was at the same time painfully conscious of the difficulties of embodying them in any concrete shape; and there were at least three main, and innumerable subsidiary, schools of thought on the subject, each professing knowledge of the forms of Right and Reason. If, therefore, we accept the phrase literally, it will give no indication whatever why these young men died, as it could be applied almost to any form of death in political commotion.

A more complex explanation is probably correct. In the first place, this is evidently an official monument, the work of the Government of the time. Of the persons of that Government we know nothing, and the evidence is conflicting. Thus, a signature follows this inscription, almost illegible, which appears to read DL [Daniel?] LOYD GEORGE. Is this three persons or one? Some coins also found in the cavity, bearing an in-

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scription GEORGIVS, would suggest more than one; GEORGIVS and GEORGE being evidently the same person, the other two being DL and LOYD respectively. But why, in this case, is the first name DL (apparently Daniel) abbreviated? It was customary at this time to shorten certain proper names; we have evidence elsewhere, for example, that the form Jno stands for Jones. Still, in a formal record it is hardly likely that of three persons one only should have his name shortened. More likely the signature belongs to one man, to him whose bust appears upon the coins.

What further can we elucidate about this man? Hardly anything. He was certainly the nominal ruler of the time, but at that time the actual form of government is extraordinarily obscure. This we knew already. But in dealing with this new evidence a highly ingenious theory has been propounded, combining in the most convincing manner the old evidence with the new. It is known, for example, that the actual forms of government had little connection with the real sources of power. It is known that the age was transitional, straining old forms to new uses. These considerations, with others now omitted, have led to the theory that the rule of Right and Reason was the formal title of the constitution, and that these terms were no longer abstractions, but the actual titles of the existing head or heads of the Government. This point is corroborated by the coins, on which, after the word GEORGIVS, follows the word REX, or sometimes the letter R. We do not understand the hieratic language so often found in inscriptions of the period, but evidently there is a connection between *rex* (*regs*) and *right*.

Daniel George, then, was the Right of the time. Was he also the Reason? It is here that the theory is most ingenious and most convincing. It asserts that this monument records the successful attempt of Daniel Georgivs to combine in his own person the functions of Right and of Reason. Right and Reason, we must suppose, were hitherto separate, symbolic titles borne by the two chief officers of state (or perhaps two parties), who exercised, as the names would suggest, a sort of neutralizing power over each other.

These two symbols stood for distinct aspects of government: what was right might not always be reason; nor, again, would reason always be right. Policy, therefore, was controlled by both functions. It is a pity that our present state of knowledge does not permit us to comprehend more fully how these principles were combined, but clearly there must have been moments of considerable friction, in consequence of which Daniel made his successful endeavor to coalesce them. Henceforward both Reason and Right would be his only: what he lacked in one, the other would make up for him. It would be highly interesting to know what use he made of his new powers and their formidable possibilities, but, unfortunately, history contains no further record of this enterprising figure.

We can now ask what light this solution throws upon the fate of the young men. Were they the upholders or the opponents of George's policy? The absence of remains tells against the first alternative, but to decide the question we must make use of the smallest hint; and the words 'more firmly' seem to be of that nature. It is a case in which the comparative seems to be weaker than the positive. Had the inscription stated that these men died in order that the principles of Right and Reason might be *firmly* established, the words would have the ring of success, and we might conclude (absence of remains notwithstanding) that the monument stood for those who had helped to such success.

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On the other hand, 'more firmly' suggests a doubt in the mind of Daniel, a doubt whether the course he had taken was wholly justified or successful. This being so, we are inclined to conclude that these 'young men' were not of his way of thinking, that, on the contrary, they died because they were bold enough to deny that the functions of Right and of Reason could be embodied in one man, even in Daniel George.

THE WIND IS BLIND

BY ALICE MEYNELL

[*London Mercury*]

'Eyeless, in Gaza, at the Mill, with slaves.'

THE Wind is blind.
The Earth sees sun and moon; the height
Is watchtower to the dawn; the plain
Shines to the summer; visible light
Is scattered in the drops of rain.

The wind is blind.
The flashing billows are aware;
With open eyes the cities see;
Light leaves the ether everywhere
Known to the homing bird and bee.

The wind is blind,
Is blind alone. How has he hurled
His ignorant lash, his aimless dart,
His eyeless rush upon the world,
Unseeing, to break his unknown heart!

The wind is blind,
And the sail traps him, and the mill
Captures him; and he cannot save
His swiftness and his desperate will
From those blind uses of the slave.

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CHRISTUS OF OBERAMMERGAU

BY ANTON LANG

From the *Westminster Gazette, July* 20
(English Liberal Daily)

Strangers visiting Oberammergau for our Passion Play, every ten years, invariably express surprise at the histrionic talent of our peasant community. Even the children, they notice, possess a confidence and a sense of the theatre seldom met with elsewhere. The reason for this, although perhaps not obvious to strangers, is easily explained. Bavarian peasants, as far back as any records exist, have taken the keenest interest in theatrical performances. When, in the fullness of their gratitude for release from the plague, three hundred years ago, the Oberammergauers made a vow to produce a theatrical record of Our Lord's Passion every decade, they showed clearly the direction in which their culture and inclinations tended.

The 'sense of the theatre' so often remarked upon is born in every Oberammergau child. And it is fostered in every possible way. Tiny tots are carried on in the performances before they can walk; and as soon as they are able to lisp a few words they have speaking parts allotted to them. 'Stage fright' is a thing unknown.

Many people do not know that we Oberammergauers keep ourselves in constant practice by producing a succession of plays throughout the winter. The community is also responsible for one big summer production every year, with the exception of the tenth, when the Passion Play is the standing event. The versatility of some of our members would surprise strangers who know them only in Biblical rôles. Our present Judas, for instance, is an exceptionally clever comedian when occasion arises, and some of our young girls show unusual ability in domestic drama.

To say that the Oberammergauer is 'different' from other peasants is only half correct. He is by no means an idle dreamer, depending upon the influx of visitors at Passion Play times for his sustenance.

Indeed, with us the Passion Play is regarded as a serious religious matter. For nine years our community works hard at its various callings, but the tenth is given up to rehearsals and the play. Normal work practically ceases. This is our gift to the Almighty for our deliverance. The salaries of the players are entirely nominal, and in the matter of charges for admission, catering, and the housing of visitors, the most rigid rules are observed by the natives of Oberammergau to prevent any profiteering.

Naturally the stage, as we use it, has a refining influence, and the artistic work in which the larger part of our community is engaged — wood-carving, painting, pottery, and so on — tends to increase those poetic and peaceful characteristics which first impress the stranger in our midst. But visitors scarcely realize, I think, how much they contribute to Oberammergau culture. The opportunity afforded for an exchange of views with people from far-distant parts, and the broadening influence which these conversations have, are to me one of the greatest charms of our theatrical enterprise.

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I am happy to number among my friends one great English actor, Mr. Ben Greet. With him I have enjoyed many a long talk on theatrical matters. He is anxious that we should produce at Oberammergau the mystery, *Everyman*, with which I understand London is familiar, owing to the performances given at the 'Old Vic.' The play has now been translated into German, and we shall probably put it on in Oberammergau before long. It is one of a series of old monastic plays in which I am keenly interested. Their presentation is intended to act as an antidote to the vast amount of rubbish now served up to the public on the German stage and screen.

My knowledge of English has enabled me to read with the greatest enjoyment all the works of Shakespeare and many of your other eminent writers. I am also keenly interested in films, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than an occasional trip to Munich to see a distinguished play, or a new picture of outstanding merit. *Quo Vadis*, *Theodora*, *The Queen of Sheba*, and many fine films on Biblical and religious subjects have already reached us, and I have seen them with the keenest enjoyment. But the rubbish which for the most part is now fashionable on stage and screen in large cities arouses my indignation. It is a perfect mania among modern playwrights to laugh at virtue; and the pictures of 'high life' — often quite false — given in many up-to-date films serve no other purpose than that of stirring up unrest among the poorer classes. This is the sort of thing we must combat with all our might. Theatrical managers are greedy. Their one aim is to get rich quickly, and remain rich. Under the mask of 'giving the public what it wants' they cater to the lowest tastes of the people.

What we now need is a series of performances appealing to the finer qualities of man, so that the judgment of our people may not be blunted by disuse. This class of entertainment we intend to maintain at Oberammergau; and through this movement, which will surely find an echo in other places and other lands, a world-wide peace and love of true beauty may eventually arise. I am happy to think that we have, in the person of Mr. Ben Greet, an English coworker in the same cause.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

DUBLIN, JULY 1922

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Peace dwells in Dublin now;
Broken is the green bough;
The high gods have their will,
There are none left to kill;
No more blood overflows
To darken a dead rose.

Peace; in the clammy tomb
'T is well dead lips are dumb;
'T is well that death-dimmed eyes
See not, nor cold limbs rise.
'T is well that the dead sleep
Immeasurably deep.

Peace; as the last shot falls
Upon flame-gutted walls,
Darkness and stillness spread
Their requiem for the dead.
Some bore their brows red-wreathed in thorns to-day,
And others looked on them, and turned away.

LITTLE TO LEAVE

BY CYRIL G. TAYLOR

[*Poetry Review*]

We have so little to leave
When we go hence
With our burning grain
Of experience,
So little to leave
That is not pretense.

Knowledge, humbled, acold,
Will shrink to a blade
Of desert grass,
And our wisdom fade
To an echo
Out of an echo strayed.

Harshness, over the earth,
Will yet wing on
With our poor bleak dust;
And integrity gone
Through the Winnower's hands
Will be ours to don.

Then, of our beauty,
Untrammeled, adored,
Seed of the spirit —
All else abhorr'd,
What shall remain
In the sight of the Lord?

ON A FRIEND WHO DIED UPON THE SEASHORE

BY J. D. C. PELLOW

[*London Mercury*]

Quiet he lived, and quietly died;
Nor, like the unwilling tide,
Did once complain or strive
To stay one brief hour more alive.
But as a summer wave
Serenely for a while
Will lift a crest to the sun,
Then sink again, so he
Back to the bright heavens gave
An answering smile;
Then quietly, having run
His course, bowed down his head,
And sank unmurmuringly,
Sank back into the sea,
The silent, the unfathomable sea
Of all the happy dead.

WHAT IT IS TO LOVE HER

BY NARCISSE WOOD

[*Westminster Gazette*]

It is as if a star came down
From heaven and took me by the hand
And led me through a stranger-town
With speech that I could understand.

It is as if an April day,
Lovely to heartbreak-point with flowers,
Might be a gift to lock away,
A treasure for my empty hours.

It is the joy too near to pain;
The moon's kiss on the shepherd's brow;
The singing arrows of the rain,
Piercing a sad and thirsty bough.

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THE MODERN ITALIAN NOVEL

SINCE the war, the Italian novel has taken on a new lease of life, which Valentino Piccoli, in *La Revue Mondiale* of July 15, discusses at some length. The war stimulated the artistic as well as the national consciousness of Italy, with the result that real progress has been made in the writing of fiction.

One aspect of the tragedy of the war is shown in *L'Urgano* (The Hurricane), by Gino Rocca, a very young author who has met with great success in this book. He pictures the return of the soldiers from the horrors of war and their disgusted stupefaction at the complacency of noncombatants. He possesses a vigor that some crudities of style cannot obscure. Another important post-war novel is Annie Vivanti's *Vae Victis*, in which the tragedy of Belgium is mirrored in the tragedy of an individual and a family. These two novels are the outstanding successes, though they lack artistic balance.

The psychological tradition of Flaubert is maintained by a number of writers. *Tre Mondi* (Three Worlds), by Salvator Gotta, *Verginita* (Virginity), by Fausto Mario Martini, *Le Altre Ferite* (The Other Wounds), by Mario Ferraguti, and *Rubè*, by G. A. Borgese, are the most notable works of this type. *Rubè* is the most interesting of these books; its author is well known as a political thinker as well as a man of letters. Tortured by an oversensitive mind, Signor Borgese has analyzed with almost uncanny skill the spiritual depression of modern times. He derives much of his elaborate analysis from Giovanni Verga, a famous Sicilian novelist, whose influence also manifests itself in the work of the late Federigo Tozzi. *Tre Croci* (Three Crosses), the last and finest work of Signor Tozzi, belongs to the formerly popular school of provincial novels; its scene is laid in old Siena. Other post-war writers have returned to this same field.

Three women have also attracted attention by analytic studies of the feminine soul. Ada Negri's *Stella Mattutina* (Morning Star) and Tecla Ruelli's *La Giornato d'una Donna* (A Woman's Day) are both autobiographical. Writing under a pseudonym, the latter makes a close study of the humdrum life of a bourgeois small town. Her unsparingly critical insight sometimes tempts her to moralize in a fashion not quite in the spirit of the Decalogue. Milly Dandole, another young writer, has produced a romantic novel, *Il Figlio del mio Dolore* (The Son of My Sorrow), in which the spiritual travail of the heroine, Lalage, is the chief subject of interest.

Two more novelists complete the list of those who merit special mention. Guido da Verona is a cosmopolite, a disillusioned sojourner of many cities. Nietzsche, Baudelaire, Zola, and D'Annunzio are his idols. His skeptical intellect has led him through a chaos of pessimism from which he is now emerging into a sort of mysticism. His latest and most important work is *Sciogli la Treccia, Maria Maddalena* (Let Down Your Tresses, Mary Magdalene). But his intellect sometimes plays him false and his snobbishness and love of luxury limit his vision.

Humor finds its leading apostle in Alfredo Panzini, where French influence appears, especially that of Anatole France. His latest book, *Il Mondo e Rotondo* (The World is Round), is bitter and skeptical and full of ironic wit. Like all his contemporaries, Signor Panzini passes judgment on modern life,

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but his avenue of approach is original. Signor Piccoli closes his article by saying that the novel is not yet the most important form of literary expression of Italy; for that we should turn to the *Storia di Cristo* of Papini, or D'Annunzio's *Notturno*.

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A FRENCH POET IN MOROCCO

In the July 15 issue of the *Revue de Paris*, Claude Farrère, novelist and traveler of wide repute, writes a preface of lyrical praise to some poems written by M. Pierre d'Arcangues in Morocco. These *Chansons de Kaddour* are love lyrics, very much in the manner of the Song of Songs. After lamenting the death of pagan values and mournfully pointing to the present state of the world, M. Farrère says: —

> In spite of the opposing evidence, here, none the less, is a poet. . . . Is the race lost? . . . Here is a poet. . . . M. d'Arcangues has gone to Morocco, to that red Morocco that Loti used to love so passionately. There on that soil, which the flowers cover and recover each spring with a carpet of blossoms, M. d'Arcangues has reaped a harvest of songs, romances, and dreams.

M. Farrère excuses the absence of rime: indeed, it would be superfluous to this Biblical prose; and then he begs us to read the poems: —

> Read, because each line you read will bring you joy. Such works as these — and they are really modern — are the only ones that our modern age can taste at its ease; they are better for us and do us more good than all the old-fashioned Bibles and creeds of a former day, which once possessed all the virtues, but are dead now that we have stopped believing in them.

All the poems do not measure up to such extravagant praise. They are intensely erotic, with a real flavor of the Orient. Languorous ladies idle their time away by cool, flowing streams, while their gallants debate on whether to crush them in their arms or merely take æsthetic pleasure in looking at them; the latter enjoyment usually proving a little tame. The hot sun beats mercilessly down on white stretches of arid sand, while dancing girls perform in half-lighted marble chambers. The most effective poem is entitled *La Danseuse aux Bracelets d'Argent* (The Dancer with the Silver Bracelets), in which a veiled dancer of such ravishing charm performs before the King that he cries aloud.

> But there was no answering sound in the palace. Only the trickling of a fountain was heard, and the tinkling of silver bracelets.

The dance continues, faster and more passionate. The King cries out in vain; no one hears him. When the dance comes to an end the King falls back in his chair.

> Then, silently as night, the dancer left the palace, barefoot, with two silver bracelets on each of her ankles. And you could see beneath her lifted veil that her head was the head of a corpse.

Most of the poems lack this dramatic intensity, but the narration is always superbly simple. They give an impression, vivid to the point of sensuality, of the fervent life of the East.

✻

'OUT OF THE MOUTHS . . .'

Few people are more boring than those who delight in repeating the words of unconscious wisdom that fall from the lips of children. But children do occasionally make remarks to which their elders might well lend a respectful ear. An example of this youthful penetration, contributed by a juvenile literary critic, recently appeared in the London *Morning Post*, under the caption, 'Advantages and Disadvantages of Novel-Reading.'

> Some person's opinion differ greatly with regard to the reading of novels there are a

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good many kinds of novels, such as 1*d*., 2*d*., 4*d*., 6*d*. I do not think there is much harm in reading novels if you read them at the proper time, and do not spend too much money on them, which is sometimes the case. The Waverley novels, for instance, are not at all bad books if read at the proper time. The great fault of some people are that they are always reading novels, and of course the more they read the more they want. I think it is not right to read a novel on Sundays; it is just as much harm as playing, because it generally gives great pleasure to the mind. The great harm of reading novels are to be careful not to follow them. Novels do not increase your learning much, but sometimes decrease it. I think it is about the worst thing that any schoolboy could have in the way of books any 4*d*. novel it generally does a lot of harm. Tom Jones was a very good novel and was written by a very good novelist. George was also a great novelist who died but a short time ago.

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THE DECLINE OF ENGLISH DRAMA

THE close of the London theatrical season finds the critics lamenting the pitiful state of modern English drama. The *Morning Post* asserts that the established playwrights, Pinero, Shaw, Paston, and Clemence Dane, have slumped badly in their recent work. Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, on the other hand, is an improvement. The younger group has not yet produced anyone of outstanding merit, except Edward Piercy, whose *If Four Walls Told* shows signs of promise. Of the host of revivals only *Quality Street* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* were notable. The rest, including Shaw and Galsworthy cycles, were not distinguished. And the acting was worse than the plays. Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Sybil Thorndike, and Reginald Bach contributed notable performances, but the average was low.

Such are the facts. What are the conclusions to be drawn? Mr. Sydney W. Carroll, of the *Sunday Times*, finds the situation no more alarming than usual. He says: —

There is, it appears, something wrong with the theatre. There always is. There always has been. There always will be. A thousand and one different remedies are offered for a thousand and one different supposed complaints. One authority soundly denounces the dramatists. Why don't they write good plays? Another lays the blame upon the managers. They are too commercial. They lack vision, courage, intelligence. The third expert strafes the critics — poor, prejudiced, ignorant, blind stiflers of artistic impulses. The fourth damns the actors. Why don't they act, curse them? If they would only let themselves go. The fifth fellow frets furiously — abolish the actors. Let us have marionettes in their places. Masks are the thing.

The buzz of conflicting opinions deafens us. Change the shape of the theatre. More novelties are needed. Do away with the proscenium arch. Lower the prices. Make the seats more comfortable. Do away with the Entertainment Tax. Send Oscar Asche to Australia. Provide Sunday theatres for the masses. Kill George Robey. Scenery must go. Keep the peerage out of the playhouse. Give us more classics. No marriage for actor-managers. No packed first nights. Abolish the Censor.

Countless other cries mingle in the din. Still the British drama atrophies. The critic croaks. The manager groans. The actor golfs. More theatres close. Revivals keep the rest alive, that is, those that are not sustained by ridiculous press stunts or silly farce. When will the British drama actually reach the demnition bowwows? It has been on the road to them for centuries.

Mr. A. B. Walkley, in the *Times*, approaches the subject with delightful flippancy. He says that Mr. Shaw has been too long preoccupied with the study of human beings and suggests that he take up butterflies for a change. Mr. Walkley himself writes from a rural retreat, where he finds blackbirds a constant source of inspiration. He closes his article with this excellent passage: —

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The modern theatre! What is it but a place of entertainment, and of entertainment, for the most part, of the half-educated? The huge, muddle-headed, in the strict sense of the term illiterate, crowd that modern life has produced gets the theatre that it deserves. Even the minority of the crowd with intellectual leanings have only leanings, not accomplishment. Ibsen was too strong meat for them. The majority of playgoers, however, make no pretensions to intellect; they don't want it, and they don't get it. They get a vapid, semiromantic picture of the life they themselves live, or would like to live. There is scarcely a breath of poetry, of spirituality, in the modern theatre. There is no dignity, ethical or artistic. What does abound in it is mediocrity — mediocrity of mind, of ideal, of taste. Why, then, be so solemn about it?

If we are to be solemn, let us be solemn about the novel, which to-day is much more important artistically than the theatre. For in the novel we can avoid the 'best sellers' (which we can't in the theatre) and discover here and there, by careful looking, real literature. Better still, let us leave off being solemn for a while about our dear human selves, and turn for a change to the blackbird. He has just flown back to his old perch, still singing away.

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SPAIN'S NATIONAL ART EXPOSITION

THE last national art exposition of Madrid was marked by a return to landscape-painting, especially by the younger artists. Commenting upon this in *La Pluma*, Ricardo Baroja says: —

I believe the primary reason for this is the greater difficulty that figure-painting presents. A mediocre draftsman, who would find himself helpless if called upon to delineate a human figure, may do very fairly with a house, a tree, a cloud, or a hill. I imagine, too, that a colorist will feel emboldened to attempt tones seen in the open air, where he can err with impunity, before he will venture to depict the nude, where every tone bears an intimate relation to its neighbor, and the utmost delicacy of shading is demanded. In addition, there is an economic reason: it is cheaper to paint landscapes than to paint human figures; art, like everything else, suffers from the currency crisis.

French impressionism has had no appreciable influence in Spain. However, the exposition marks a great change from its predecessors, thirty years ago, when vast historical scenes held the place of honor. Is this revolution also due to lack of confidence on the part of the artists themselves? 'Discretion in art is a trifle ugly when it is not accompanied by mastery.' (*Cosa un poco fea es la discreción en el Arte cuando no va unida á la maestría.*)

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THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF WILLIAM BROWN

MR. DUDLEY CLARK thus celebrates in the pages of the *Westminster Gazette* the oddities of one of his countrymen. 'Students of psychology' will no doubt be duly interested: —

When William Brown sets off alone
To go a journey on his own
He bears himself as one who could
Not help behaving as he should.
His is the somewhat stolid mien
That stamps the Englishman serene.
His holiday he quite enjoys
Without unnecessary noise.
No thrill of earth or air or sea
Disturbs his equanimity.

When William Brown elects to ride
With twenty other folk inside
A char-à-bancs, it's very strange
The way he undergoes a change.
He talks quite loud, and shouts and sings,
And does the most surprising things.
You'd never know him for the same
Bill Brown of 'silent English' fame.
How interesting Bill must be
To students of psychology.

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BOOKS ABROAD

A Pepysian Garland, edited by H. E. Rollins. Cambridge: University Press. 21*s.*

[*Outlook*]

THOSE who have recently complained of the high prices of books published by the Cambridge University Press can hardly deny that their guinea is well spent on this delightful book, on which Dr. Hyder Rollins and the Cambridge University Press are to be warmly congratulated.

Pepys, as is well known, made a large collection of broadside ballads which was begun by John Selden and continued by himself down to the year 1700, when, Pepys notes, 'the Form, till then peculiar thereto, vizt of the Black Letter with Picturs, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of the White Letter without Pictures.'

The importance of Pepys's collection can be judged from the fact that, out of the 1641 ballads collected by him, no less than 964 are unique. The collection has never been published, though a few individual ballads have appeared here and there. 'This *Garland*,' writes Dr. Rollins, 'reprints the most interesting seventeenth-century ballads in Pepys's first volume, none of a later date than 1639, and to them adds from other sources six or seven early ballads in which Pepys himself would have reveled.'

And to read these ballads, with their entertaining and beautiful woodcuts, is to drop back among the gayety and pathos, the rough humor and easy sentiment, the noise and banter and quarrelsomeness of the groundlings who hissed or applauded the great Elizabethans. We can watch the ceremony of ducking a scold in a pond, the peddler opening his pack and loquaciously appraising his wares, the usurer, the coal-hawker, the landlord, the weaver, the tailor, the costermonger, each pursuing his trade with the help of the tricks peculiar to it.

There are terrible tales of the danger of cards and dice, strong beer, good fare, and murder — those little indiscretions that lead to so much trouble. Then there is 'Nobody's Counsel to Choose a Wife' (to the tune of 'The Wanton Wife of Westminster'), which recommends the choice of a widow rather than a maid, with a whole host of convincing reasons; Brewer's 'Commendation of Porters,' an account in excellent verse of how the 1041 porters of London formed a corporation and secured a hall for their meetings; and a rollicking dialogue in which Neighbor Rowland, recently returned home from London, asserts that everyone there has become honest. And for those who prefer something sad there is William Meash's ballad of 'Leander's Love to Loyal Hero,' which ends thus: —

Thus ended they both life and love,
in prime of their young yeares;
Since whose untimlie funeralls,
no such true love appeares;
Until more Constant love arise,
their names I will immortalize, fa la.
And heavens send such as have true friends,
as faithful hearts, but better ends, fa la.
FINIS *quoth William Meash.*

Polly: An Opera. Being the Second Part of the Beggar's Opera, by Mr. Gay. London: O'Connor, 1922. 6*s.*

[*Times*]

MR. GAY was a bit of a humbug. So, evidently, thinks Mr. Oswald Doughty, who contributes the historical introduction. But then, he was an innocent specimen of the kind, no more guilty of deep hypocrisy than the rest of us. We also, if badly disappointed of Court favor, might write a *Beggar's Opera* or a *Polly* — that is, if we had a mind to.

The chances are that our mind would take us no further than a *Polly*. For once what everybody says seems to be right. Gay's sequel is far inferior to his first thought. Yet there are pretty songs in *Polly*, which would go well to music at Hammersmith; and some of the dialogue has the right emphasis. Macheath, who has been blacked to suit the West Indian atmosphere, becomes an insignificant figure, and the piece sadly lacks a hero to pull it together.

Mr. Doughty is too cautious to estimate its probable effect on a modern audience; he goes the length of saying that songs, music, and setting are more important elements than plot or development in a play of this kind. We will not argue the point. Even Molière begged readers of *L'Amour Médecin* to remember that on the stage it had the accompaniments of Lully's tunes, ballets, and what not.

But, considering that *Polly* was not played until long after his death, Gay did pretty well out of it. In book form it brought him, according to Spence, eleven or twelve hundred pounds, whereas his profits from the *Beggar's Opera* were only £800. Then, Walpole's prohibition of its performance made him a martyr basking in the public smile; and to us, at this time of day, he appears indeed to have suffered from a paltry revenge. It was *Polly's* achievement, also, to get the Duchess of Queensberry, 'wild as colt untamed,' banished

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from the Court, and the Duke resigned from his post as Admiral of Scotland. Well done, Mr. Gay! The best comment on the whole achievement comes from Dr. Arbuthnot, whose irony has a way of shining beyond the modest glory of his name.

'The inoffensive John Gay (he writes to Swift) is now become one of the chief obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the Ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman* and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the Government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the Court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *chasée* (*sic*) likewise; about seven or eight Duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient Circumcelliones in the Church, who shall suffer martyrdom on his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him.'

Gustave Flaubert, 1821–1880, by Albert Thibaudet. Paris: Plon, 1922. 7*fr.* 50.

[*L' Opinion*]

A THIRD of this large book is devoted to the study of Flaubert's style, and the author very justly credits his hero with the creation of a certain number of innovations that have spread since his day and have greatly refreshed the art of the novel. He often attributes to Flaubert's style merits that are really due to the French language (take, for example, what he says about the present participle). But though his book may be less soundly knit together, less 'constructive' than some previous critical work (there is no question of dogma involved here), it is full of stimulating and vigorous ideas; and the position of Flaubert in relation to his century is very accurately marked.

Mazzini's Letters to an English Family, edited by E. F. Richards. Vols. II and III. London: John Lane, 1922. 16*s.* net each volume.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE publication of the second and third volumes of Mazzini's letters to the Ashurst family has been eagerly waited for. Now we have them, it is a pleasure to acknowledge their profound interest, forming as they do a continuous and intimate commentary on the great leader's life, public and private, from 1855 to his death, in Pisa, in 1872.

No one who reads these letters will ever think of him again as a dreamer. Action, action, action is his constant cry to himself and others. When they bade him be content to write a book, he said: 'The best book is a man who will remain faithful to the last to the programme and thoughts of his young years.' He disliked being overmuch protected even by his dearest friends, nor did he permit any benevolent interference with his movements. This 'outcast of the world' grew to hunger for danger, since danger alone could buy what he desired. It called to him alluringly. 'Storm is my pilot,' he declared.

In Vol. I, Mr. Richards gave some interesting details about the personalties of Mazzini's London circle. But something more is wanted. Is it too late to reconstruct the circle for readers of to-day? These letters and Mrs. Hamilton King's *Reminiscences* are to hand. A whole generation fed on Mazzini wisdom and memories, and the children must have picked up crumbs from the elders' tables. Who will revivify the circle that met at Aubrey House, at the Stansfelds', the Cowens', at Herzen's? Carlyle, Whistler, Swinburne, if not of it, were linked to this company, too wide, too brilliant, too warmly human to be a mere coterie. There were few things in Victorian England more memorable or more beautiful.

Lucienne, by Jules Romains. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1922.

[*Le Disque Vert*]

WOULD it be depreciating a book to say that it is all planned out beforehand? I do not think so. We admire the artist who sets himself a task and, choosing his means to accomplish it, disregards luck and even 'inspiration.' Whatever element of calculation may enter into the art of Jules Romains places no obstacle in the way of beauty, humor, or sentiment. A clarifying logic is at work that assigns values to the passions and, far from weakening them, coördinates them in a powerful harmony and preconceived order.

With calm precision Jules Romains speaks of affection. He does not consider it necessary to relegate vague emotions to vague places. The actor who gets drunk, before playing the rôle of drunkard, plays it badly. The author is here perfectly cool. It is, perhaps, this clear gaze cast into the shadows where the subtleties of love are usually left to blend themselves together, that makes *Lucienne* so original and indispensable a book. It presents a point of view that makes us love happiness and life.

For *Lucienne* is really a novel of simple and profound good humor. What a horrible affair! Jules Romains scores a triumph in his very natural style. A new stage in a splendid career, at once simple and diverse, the last book of Jules Romains marks a pause in the shade. To the imperious cries of the poet, to the hearty laughter of the *Copains*, succeeds a feminine voice and the smile of amorous youth.

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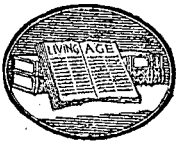

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